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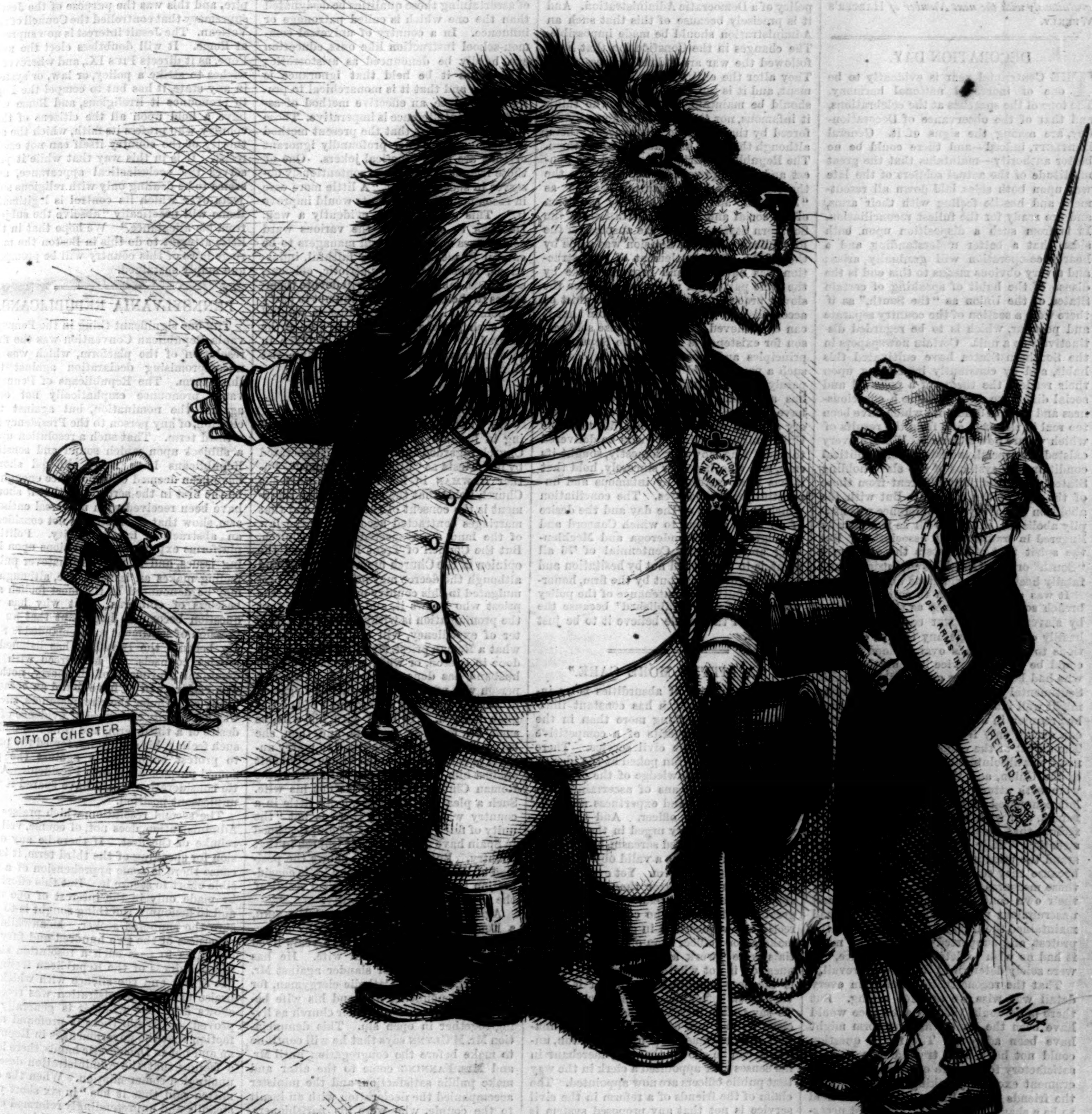
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INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH
THE LAW IN REGARD TO THE BEARING OF ARMS IN IRELAND
Th. Nast

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 12, 1875.

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DECORATION-DAY.

The Centennial year is evidently to be one of increased national harmony. The tone of the speeches at the celebrations, and that of the observance of Decoration-day, are among the signs of it. General Bartlett, indeed—and there could be no better authority—maintains that the great multitude of the actual soldiers of the late war upon both sides laid down all resentment and hostile feeling with their arms, and are ready for the fullest reconciliation. It is from such a disposition upon both sides that a better understanding and a hearty co-operation will gradually arise; and a very obvious means to this end is the disuse of the habit of speaking of certain States of the Union as "the South," as if there were a section of the country separate and peculiar, which is to be regarded distinctively as a unit. Certain newspapers in the Southern States have cultivated this habit, and by constantly impressing upon their readers the theory of a political and social difference, they promote a consciousness and pride of difference which have been too real in the past, and from the results of which we are now suffering. While slavery existed, the social, industrial, and political condition and systems of the slave-holding States were essentially different from those of the rest of the country. But with the abolition of slavery that difference was happily abolished, except so far as it naturally lingered in tradition and association. But the spirit that still fosters the sense of a "South" or of a "North" is intrinsically and fatally hostile to harmonious union.

It was always foolish to suppose that a breach so wide and deep as that produced by slavery and the war could be soon or hastily closed, or that any tearful exhortations to shake hands over a bloody chasm could be of real service in reuniting those who had been so long and terribly severed. Sentimental yearnings and rhetorical fervors might well indicate the tendency of feeling, but reunion in any honest and sober sense can spring only from justice and firmness. The defeat of the opponents of the government was absolute and entire. Their theory of the Union, and their industrial system, were both utterly overthrown. They were left conquered in the field and financially ruined, and with the intense bitterness of feeling that inevitably accompanies such a situation. They were sure to misunderstand the measures that followed the war, because they could not see nor admit that those measures were largely determined by their own conduct; and while a great and unscrupulous party in the States that had maintained the Union sympathized with the protest, and supported it, those who made it had no wish to determine its justice, but were solely determined to make it prevail.

That the reconstruction policy in every detail was wise we are not saying. But there is no doubt that its substance would have been the same whatever form might have been adopted. The negro question could not have been treated in a manner satisfactory to the late enemies of the government except by taking a course which the friends of the Union would have held to be a shameful betrayal. The first necessity of the situation was not that the policy of the government should be agreeable to the class and the sentiment which had attempted secession, but that it should be intrinsically just and administered firmly, but without the slightest ill feeling, and with every possible consideration. That this has not always been done is undeniable, but the failure in certain instances and details in maintaining a policy generally just is not a reason for discrediting that policy, nor for intrusting it to the administration of those who utterly repudiate its wisdom, expediency, and constitutionality. At this point we are reminded by the *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Augusta, Georgia, that great changes have taken place within ten years, and that "Southern leaders and the Southern people may logically and consistently submit to those things now they resisted ten years ago." It asserts that the theory of secession has been abandoned in perfect good faith, and that it would be very difficult to find in the Southern States to-day any who would resort to war as a remedy for governmental grievances, or who would restore slavery. The *Chronicle and Sentinel* adds that the "Southern people," meaning the late Confederates, opposed the reconstruction policy as illegal and unconstitutional and infamous—as the National Democratic Convention of 1868 declared it to be—and that they still refuse to "accept" it, although they "may no longer oppose established results."

This is undoubtedly the position of the Democratic party in the Southern States, which is the wing that would control the policy of a Democratic Administration. And it is precisely because of this that such an Administration should be made impossible. The changes in the Constitution that have followed the war are radical and essential. They alter the entire spirit of the government, and it is not possible that that spirit should be maintained by those who think it infamous, nor those changes honestly enforced by those who do not "accept" them, although they may have acquiesced in them. The Republican party represented the honest and uncompromising opposition to the theories of the Constitution known as "Southern," and to the primary condition of the social and industrial relations of the Southern States. Under the auspices of the Republican party the decision was made by the sword. The settlement of reconstruction was naturally and properly made by the same party, and under its guidance the slower process of practical reunion must be accomplished. It is idle to suppose that it can be achieved by a party whose sole reason for existence is hostility to Republican principles and measures. The success of such a party would be merely a temporary paralysis of the policy which the country has adopted. The soldiers whose graves have just been decorated in grateful memory of their sacrifice, did not die that the Union might within ten years be delivered to those who, however honestly, sought its ruin, and who, however sincerely, hold that it has been restored by infamous and unconstitutional measures. The conciliation which is the text of the day and the desire of all good citizens, to which Concord and Lexington and Ticonderoga and Mecklenburg and the great Centennial of '76 all point, is to be reached not by hesitation and formal acquiescence, but by the firm, honorable, and faithful maintenance of the policy which has been "established" because the majority of the people believe it to be just and wise.

"A LITTLE MORE CARE."

The pertinacity of absurdities is an interesting theme which has constant illustration, and in nothing more than in the discussion of the merits of a competitive examination for the civil service. There has been plenty of fun poked at the idea of testing a man's knowledge of the principal lake ports as a means of ascertaining his practical sagacity and expertness and honesty as a revenue officer. And this jest, which was originally urged in the best humor as a good-natured sarcasm, has been seriously entertained as a valid objection to a proposed plan of reform. Yet even this absurdity would be better than the present absurdity of the system. The chance is greater that a man who could answer correctly a few questions in geography would make a good officer than one whose credentials were "work at the polls." For the question is not whether a proposed system is the best possible, but whether it is not very much better than the existing system. To say that a merchant does not choose a clerk by any test of competitive examination is no argument upon the question, unless it can be shown that any merchant in his senses ever appointed a clerk in the way that public officers are now appointed. The claim of the friends of a reform in the civil service is not that any proposed system is perfect, but that our present system is the worst in the world.

The two chief qualifications for the positions to which the late civil service rules applied are capacity and honesty. Our present scheme of party patronage depends for the evidence of both upon the most irresponsible and suspicious certificates, and upon "influence." The results are familiar. Now the reform proposes to ascertain capacity and honesty in the only way possible, namely, by experience. Having selected a person because of proved general intelligence, it tries him well before giving him his appointment, and it has no illicit reason for retaining one who is shown to be either incompetent or unfaithful. Since the publication of Mr. Eaton's admirable paper upon the history of the effort to reform the system, we have seen a great many sneers at him and the principle of the reform; and one of the chief is that it is an un-American system. That is to say, it is un-American for the people of this country to require that the minor public offices shall be intrusted to those who are fairly proved to be most competent and deserving! We confess that seems to us to be rather more American, if by American be meant justice and fair play, than to confide them to the disposition of certain men who use the public offices as means of their personal advancement.

There is no sound American reason whatever that the offices mentioned should not be confided to men of intelligence, capacity, and character, to the exclusion of those who are not so; nor can any worse method of ascertaining those qualities be designated than the one which is called patronage or influence. In a country of universal common-school instruction like ours, education can hardly be denounced as aristocratic; and unless it be held that ignorance is American and that it is monarchical to prefer intelligence, an effective method of ascertaining intelligence is imperative. Those who gravely insist that the present method *is* effective are either profoundly ignorant or they are huge practical jokers. One of these friends of patronage sententiously observes in speaking of it, "A little more care in recommending applicants would improve it." This gentleman is evidently a wag. He begs to suggest to the various ward committees and to political managers to be careful to recommend only faithful, industrious, honest, capable, patriotic, efficient, sagacious, sober men, who will devote themselves to their public duties and not to party or personal interests. Nothing is wanted but such persons, and they are sure to be secured if "a little more care" is taken in recommendations. Reform, this humorist thinks, is a device of the enemy.

ROME, AND AMERICAN LAWS.

Mr. Gladstone has been assailed for saying in his late pamphlet that the Roman Church regarded marriages not consecrated by her priests as "filthy concubinage." Father Newman in his reply says that his Church holds that the essence of the sacrament is the consent of the parties, and that marriages contracted according to the law of the land are respected by the Church. But the Council of Trent has declared the opinion of the Church upon the subject, and although the decree may not have been promulgated in this country or in England, the priest who knows it, and who knows that the promulgation is withheld only as a matter of expediency, will not hesitate to do what a Roman priest, Mr. M'Glynn, has just done in Boston, or what a Roman Catholic husband has done in Scotland. This last person was married at the British Legation in Rio de Janeiro by a clergyman of the English Church. He lived with his wife, as such, for twenty-five years, and then, she being still living, he professed to marry another person, and when his wife brought suit against him, he pleaded the authority of the Roman Church that she was not his wife. Such a plea will, of course, avail little in a country where, happily, there is not "the unity of faith" which the Roman priesthood in Spain have asked for their Church in that country. But the incident shows the position of the Church, and upon a little consideration it illustrates the practical result of the dogma of papal infallibility.

Again, in Boston, Mr. Robert C. Fanning, a Roman Catholic, was married by a lawful magistrate, and has for two years lived faithfully with his lawful wife. He has now brought a suit for slander against Mr. M'Glynn, a Roman Catholic clergyman, for publicly denouncing him and his wife before the congregation of their church as living together in open sin. This denunciation Mr. M'Glynn says that he will continue to make before the congregation until Mr. and Mrs. Fanning come to the altar and make public satisfaction, and the minister accompanied the declaration with an insult to the couple, who were his parishioners. If the facts are as alleged, we trust that exemplary damages will be awarded to the complainant. By the law of the land marriage is a civil contract, and if any ecclesiastical body assumes to denounce connections made in pursuance of the law as sinful, and a clergyman publicly declares the children of honest men and women lawfully married to be illegitimate and bastards, we trust that the offender will be duly disciplined. This action of the Boston priest is another illustration of that political Rome of which we spoke last week. It denounces our public-school system as godless, and now, by the mouth of this clergyman, it condemns our marriage laws as sinful. This it may do in the exercise of its private judgment—a right which the nineteenth century grants to it, but which Rome denies to all men wherever it has the power. But when it expresses its opinion in a manner which seriously injures a man's or a woman's good name, and so interferes with their honest livelihood, its conduct falls under the law of libel, and should be treated accordingly.

The Roman Church holds that the state should be subject to the Church, that all education is godless which is not under immediate ecclesiastical control, and that priests should direct all public and private conduct. It is therefore of necessity a political Church, and its doctrine of papal infallibility is a most powerful weapon, because the Pope has but to declare the marriage laws or any other laws in any country irreligious, to warn every citizen that he obeys them at the peril of his soul. This is the erection of an empire within the empire, and this was the purpose of the Jesuit supremacy that controlled the Council of the Vatican. The Jesuit interest is now supreme at Rome. It will doubtless elect the next Pope, as it directs Pius IX., and wherever it wishes to strike a policy, or law, or system in any state, it has but to compel the Pope to pronounce it irreligious, and Rome will have a hold upon all the citizens of that country who profess its faith, which the authority of the country itself can not easily resist. It is in this way that while it preserves the ecclesiastical appearance, and seems to be dealing only with religious subjects over which its control is legitimate, Rome will practically "absolve the subject from his allegiance." We hope that in the little attempt to do this in Boston the marriage laws of this country will be promptly and amply sustained.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

The one significant thing in the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was the first resolution of the platform, which was an uncompromising declaration against the third term. The Republicans of Pennsylvania pronounce emphatically not only against the nomination, but against the election, of any person to the Presidency for a third term. That such a resolution upon a subject upon which sound and sensible Republicans have never differed should have been deemed of importance enough to be the first in the series, and that it should have been received with universal enthusiasm, show that the matter is not considered an abstraction, but a reality. Political platforms express party positions upon living issues, and in politics whatever public feeling makes an issue is one, although it may be denounced as the most foolish and baseless of chimeras. But why has the question become so important that an expression of sentiment was demanded? Simply because the President has listened to unwise counsels. If he agreed with the dominant sentiment of the party, nothing was easier than to have found an occasion to say so. Under the circumstances, silence was necessarily construed as evidence of his desire of a third term, and if he has had no such feeling, his silence has forced the party to protest emphatically against the presumed purpose of its own President. A little consideration would have spared it this unpleasant position.

The second resolution, which praises the Administration, does not, of course, veil the rebuke of the first. If there be any occasion for speaking of the third term, it is because there is some apprehension of a possible effort to secure it. But this effort can be made only in the interest of one man, and to denounce the thing sought is to censure the supposed seeker. Meanwhile the eagerness of the two hundred and fifty-one delegates to pass such a resolution shows the soundness of the Republican feeling in the State; and the silence with which the praise of the Administration was received shows also that while it is generally approved, and while there is profound satisfaction that the government is in Republican and not in Democratic hands, there is not a feeling that the Administration deserves unmingled commendation. When the committee said that it has "in six short years steadily and unpretendingly reformed every known abuse," it forgot some things which the Republicans in the Convention evidently remembered, and which their spirit, their silence as well as their applause, show that they mean to correct. The renomination of General Hartranft by acclamation was a fit tribute to a Governor whose official ability and integrity have been well proved, and the Convention adjourned with a consciousness of deserving victory which is most encouraging.

It is to be said, indeed, that while the Convention was as frank and positive upon the third-term question as could be desired, it omitted to say other things which would have been gladly heard by Republicans in other States. This, however, does not show that the general sentiment of the party would not approve them, but that their expression at this time was deemed injudicious. This is a mistake. There was never a time when brave plain-speaking was more indispensable. There was never a time of more real independence in politics than this. The general consciousness that honest, economical, and able administration is the great necessity gives the Republican party an opportunity which it must not lose to declare its opinions fully and freely, and to fortify them in the public confidence by the character of the men it proposes as representatives. The requirement of the hour is not vague and general declarations which the "regulation" voters of the party will of course accept as sufficient, but the plain enunciation of the policy which the party ought to pursue, and an equally plain condemnation of errors of policy that have been committed. The party does not need platforms and nominations that will be agreeable to the custom-houses and post-offices, but such as men will accept and support who have no other interest in politics than that of good government.

Pennsylvania has spoken, and New York has yet to speak. Of course the error of last year will not be repeated, and the Republicans of New York will declare their faith and their purpose in no uncertain tones. They will not, if they be wise, evade any question which the public mind is asking. They will not, for instance, make the mistake of the Pennsylvania Republicans last year, and instead of declaring their unalterable hostility to a third term, nominate a candidate. That is an evasion; it is not a declaration against a third term. It is merely an expression of preference, and if the preference for a third term should prove to be stronger, there is nothing in such an expression to prevent the support of a third-term candidate. There was never yet a party convention, so far as we know, which expressed more than the party would ratify. They have failed often in falling far below the demand of the party, never in transcending it. The delay to bring up a few stragglers in the rear is apt to disgust the van-guard, upon which victory depends. Forewarned is fore-armed. Republican New York will not fail, we trust, to speak this year as she spoke in the great Republican days.

THE CATASTROPHE AT HOLYOKE.

The terrible disaster at Holyoke, Massachusetts, accuses the whole community, which should not permit churches and public halls to be built, as most of them are built, so that a sudden alarm and panic are sure to occasion appalling calamity. "The gallery," says the report of the Holyoke fire, "skirted both sides of the building, with one entrance from the front." The stairs descended by the entrances to the church upon the lower floor. Any alarm, therefore, was sure to force a crowd into the same narrow spot, whence escape was impossible, and therefore the tragical old story was repeated, and terrified human beings were crushed, trampled, suffocated, and burned to death. The conduct of the priest is described as cool and admirable. He sought in vain to calm the tumult, and amidst the agony and terror of the scene, he ministered to the dying and cared for the dead. Many of the victims were from Canada, for of late years the French Canadians in large numbers have descended the valley of the Connecticut, and have found various employment in the neighborhood. The tragedy can not be called in any proper sense an accident, for it resulted from conditions which were not only avoidable, but which it seems almost criminally reckless to disregard.

And now the inquiry is pertinent and urgent, How many halls and theatres in this city, or in the country, are secure from precisely such a disaster? In how many is the egress so ample that in case of a sudden alarm a crowded audience could not only easily escape, but would know that escape was easy? It certainly is not so necessary to have theatres, for instance, that they should be built in a manner which almost certainly insures a disaster in case of emergency. The public should demand, and the law, therefore, should require, that no theatre should be licensed which had not evident and adequate provision against the kind of danger to which such buildings are most exposed. Instead of being long narrow rooms, full of narrow passages, and a few narrow doors, sometimes, indeed, with but one door of egress, they should be constructed only in situations which afford the freest egress upon the sides as well as upon the front. At present there is scarcely a theatre in which the spectator has not an uneasy consciousness that his life and that of his dearest ones would probably pay the penalty even of a causeless alarm. And this is true also of churches. There have been several burned within the last two or three years which, if they had taken fire as the hapless church at Holyoke did, while the congregation was present, would have been scenes of unspeakable horror and suffering. Nothing will be done until public opinion is aroused. But how many fearful events like this at Holyoke are necessary to awaken the public mind to the wisdom of imperative action?

BOLTING.

The *Southern Tier Leader*, a temperance journal, is inclined to find some inconsistency in our exhorting temperance voters to support the Republican party, and our declaration that party is a servant, not a master; and it asks whether that is not the precise position of the temperance voters. We certainly hope that it is, as it must be of all intelligent men. Our opinion was simply this, that the objects sought by the temperance men were very much more likely to be attained by a Republican than a Democratic victory. If any one of them honestly thought that it was not so, and that more important ultimate ends would be imperiled by Republican success, the scope of our advice was that he should bolt. So with regard to certain general policies and tendencies that some Republicans support, but which we do not accept as those of the party. If they were adopted by the party, they would unquestionably defeat it, because they would alienate a great multitude of Republicans, who would prefer to take the chances of Democratic restoration rather than of Republican victory upon such a platform. Those Republicans would be bolters, but they would probably not be frightened by a name. Their decision would be well considered and patriotic. They would not think that Republican success, at any price and under any conditions and declarations, would be better than defeat.

To say this is but to say in another form that a party is a means, not an end. It is, indeed, very far from saying that certain great tendencies and purposes are not represented by parties, or that a sensible man will not take circumstances and conditions into account when he votes. It is to say merely that an honest citizen will not positively support a course which he believes to be vitally injurious to the State. And if his refusal exposes the State to harm from other courses which also he does not support, the responsibility is not his. He has only declined to follow the Jesuit policy of doing evil for a good purpose. Those who force the alternative upon him must bear the responsibility.

A LESSON FOR THE DAY.

We quote the following from the Washington *Chronicle*—a paper which pursued with constant ridicule the efforts of the Civil Service Commission to reform the very system which it here exposes and denounces. The remedy proposed was undoubtedly open to criticism. But the tone of the *Chronicle* brought into contempt any attempted remedy whatever; and it is those who took that position who are responsible for the continuance of the system which makes these vast frauds more probable. If the present reform in the revenue department consists in turning out "bummers" appointed under a vicious system and replacing them by other "bummers" appointed under the same system, it is only a change of rascals. What the friends of reform demand is not a change of knaves, but of the methods which make knavery probable and easy. Mr. Douglass, the late Revenue Commissioner, is a man of spotless character, of large experience, and of unquestionable ability, and it is a part of the evil of the present wretched system that such men are made to appear guilty of negligence or want of sagacity, or worse, when they have really no more control of their subordinates than those who condemn them. We know no reason to suppose that Mr. Pratt will do any better under the same system. And so long as it continues, every honest Secretary like Mr. Bristow will constantly discover such combinations as he has exposed. The extract is long, but it is worth reading.

> "The successful raid made on the Whisky Ring on Monday, and the discovery that the internal revenue officers in each of the cities where whisky has been produced and placed upon the market without the payment of the tax have been the partners or the paid employés of the men who have been defrauding the government, have turned public attention in Washington once more to the fatal defects of the present civil service system. It has been a common remark of Commissioner Douglass, which he has several times repeated in official communications, that frauds could not be committed without the connivance of the government gaugers and store-keepers, and that they could not long continue without the knowledge of the internal revenue collectors and supervisors. The exposures of the past few days prove that his theory was a correct one; but they also show that the men who have been employed by the government to watch the distillers, rectifiers, and dealers, to collect the tax, and to prevent frauds, have been more easily and more generally corrupted than he thought was possible. The late discoveries which have been made by Secretary Bristow and Solicitor Wilson throw no discredit on the system that has been devised to prevent frauds in the manufacture and sale of spirits. That seems to be nearly perfect. The trouble was that the execution of the laws has been intrusted to dishonest men. For the character of these men the friends of Commissioner Douglass assert that he is not wholly, nor to a very great extent, responsible. They have been selected by Senators and Representatives, and have been given positions on account of their political services, and not because they were especially fitted either by education or character to perform the duties to which they are assigned. The position of supervisor, for instance, has always been looked upon as a political one; and while some of those who have been appointed have turned out to be good men, others have been notorious as political jobbers who have spent more time in promoting the political fortunes of the men through whom they were appointed than in attending their legitimate duties. The power of these men was strikingly illustrated last winter, when Secretary Bristow and Commissioner Douglass determined to send every supervisor in the country and every special agent to a new post. The White House was at once besieged by members of Congress, and several of the supervisors came here, all urging that the order be revoked, and the political pressure was so strong that, against the judgment of Secretary Bristow and Commissioner Douglass, the order was revoked by order of the President. Had the order been executed, there is no doubt that illicit distilling and the perpetration of other great frauds that have now been discovered would have been, temporarily at least, suspended. It is not probable, as many now seem to think, that the Ring would then have been broken up, because the distillers and rectifiers had sufficient notice to put their houses in order, and would have been making nothing but 'straight' whisky when the new officers arrived. But for a time at least the tax would have been collected."

PERSONAL.

Those of our readers who have enjoyed the beautiful story, entitled "Rape of the Gamp," which recently ran as a serial in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, and has now been published by the Messrs. Harper in book form, will be surprised and grieved to learn that the author of this charming novel, Charles Welsh Mason, died in England last February. The novel was written in this city during a brief visit made to this country by the author early in 1871. While here Mr. Mason contributed for *Harper's Magazine* a very powerful story in two parts (published in the February and March numbers, 1871), entitled "Wed in the Morning—Dead at Night," and another short story of equal interest, which will be published in due time. Mr. Mason, who was a comparatively young man, was a ripe scholar and a well-trained writer. His face indicated extreme physical suffering, patiently endured. While exceedingly sensitive—almost painfully so to others—his whole bearing conveyed to those who met him the same impression of manliness which is so manifest in every thing he has written. Those who had the pleasure of Mr. Mason's acquaintance during his sojourn here will be sorry that he did not live to carry out his purpose of revisiting this country during the present summer.

—General Sherman's book is producing a plentiful crop of sharp "personals." Among the sharpest is that of Montgomery Blair, a graduate of West Point, and ex-Postmaster-General, who comes to the front in behalf of his invalid brother, General Frank P. Blair. He says of General S.: "I recollect no generous eulogy by him of any comrade. Whatever may have been the opinion of my brother's military capacity, Sherman, under whom he served, and whom he succeeded in the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, is the first to impute to him a selfish purpose in joining the army. Being the recognized leader of the military organization which protected the St. Louis arsenal from seizure by the State authorities during the winter of 1860 and 1861, and the man who took all the responsibility and shared in all the danger of the capture of Camp Jackson, which was the first blow struck for the Union, he was offered by Mr. Lincoln, on General Scott's recommendation, the first brigadier-generalship for that service. This he declined peremptorily, and insisted that it should be given to Captain Lyon, the regular officer whose aid he had succeeded in obtaining to command the troops on that occasion, after applying to Sherman and failing to obtain his services, who declined on the ground that he had no confidence in volunteer troops—a principle to which he steadily adhered, taking good care never to volunteer any service to the government, or lift a finger for it till commissioned as a colonel in the regular army."

—Ex-Vice-President Colfax finds solace in the fact that by his lecturing tour the past season ten thousand dollars have been added to his invested capital, that he has found vast personal comfort in the excellent food and the sleep-winning beds that have been prepared for him, and that every where he has had things poculent.

—Émile de Girardin said, in a recent newspaper article, that "if M. Thiers had remained President of the French Republic, the war clouds which for the last month have been thickening over our heads would never have been formed."

—Mr. E. D. Winslow, who has recently purchased a large, though not quite a controlling, interest on the Boston *Post*, is a Republican, and one of the proprietors of the Boston *News*.

—There are certain cynical old bachelors extant who speak apologetically of the late King Herod. What say they of the venerable Dr. Bullard, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has been a practicing physician for about fifty years, and been professionally present at the birth of 1000 children? Those children propose to hold a reunion and picnic at his residence next month, and talk over matters with the doctor. Some of the children may possibly be dead, but enough remain on the active list to give the affair a lively and jocular turn. The babe business is not yet ended.

—On the evening of May 24 Postmaster James was honored with a reception at Station H, corner of Third Avenue and Sixtieth Street, by some three hundred citizens of the district, in recognition of his efforts to provide for them frequent and accurate delivery of letters. Ex-Mayor Opdyke and the Rev. Mr. Crook were among those who made brief speeches on the occasion, that of Mayor Opdyke containing this significant intimation: "The monetary department of the New York Post-office, with its business of from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year, was conducted with an accuracy almost marvelous. Mr. James had exhibited ability of a character that would make his services desirable in a still higher sphere than the one he now occupied, and *to which he would doubtless soon be called.*" Mayor Opdyke's commendation has been fairly earned by the Postmaster, but New York does not want him translated.

—It is intimated that the first ounce of blood injected into the exiguous person of General Frank Blair caused an effect upon him like unto that of many Bourbons in the old and healthful days. The physicians discovered that the citizen whom they had transfusively tapped had, to use the euphuistic language of the late Daniel Webster, been "suffering from an accident of hospitality," and consequently that General Blair was vicariously temulent.

—Mr. Samuel Mendel, an opulent Briton and spinner of cotton, weary of gazing upon the same fine pictures and fine furniture, committed them to the cacophonous efforts of the auctioneer. One of his pictures, by Frith, brought $24,000—the highest price ever paid in England at an auction for the production of an English artist. The total sale of all his household goods brought over $750,000, most of the pictures selling for more than cost.

—Judge Joseph B. Underwood, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, is said to be the only surviving resident of the State who "ran the gauntlet" in the early days of Indian fighting. He successfully "glided" at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and now carries a bullet in his back received on that occasion. The judge is eighty, and still practices law.

—Mr. Samuel F. Butterworth, who died recently in San Francisco, although a man who exercised a quiet but potential influence in the affairs of the Democratic party prior to his removal to California, yet he never descended to the petty intrigues nor paltry ambitions of the mere partisan. He was an educated man, of scholarly tastes, and like many who are looked upon as cold, haughty, and reserved, was nevertheless full of generosity, and proverbially stanch in his attachments. His probity was beyond suspicion. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the enterprises in which he was engaged during his ten years' residence in California, and the large fortune he accumulated, he took a deep interest in educational matters, and when the State University was established was made chairman of its Board of Regents, and was the author of all the prominent features of its organization. He introduced the resolution abolishing all fees and charges, and declaring the university absolutely free to all properly qualified applicants, as well of other States and countries as of California. He was also the author of the resolution opening the doors of the university to young women, and admitting them on terms of equality in every respect with young men. He was a gentleman who took no pains to court popularity, yet in all his official trusts and duties he so deported himself as to command the confidence and esteem of those with whom he was associated and of the community in which he lived.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

An appalling disaster occurred in a Catholic church in South Holyoke, Massachusetts, May 27. It was at evening service, and an audience of over 700 was present. The exercises had nearly closed, and a vesper service was being sung, when the draperies around the statue of the Virgin Mary caught fire from a candle, and the wall being low, the flames streamed up and soon enveloped the whole building. There was but one outer door of escape, and so rapid was the spread of the fire that many were cut off, and sixty-six were either burned or trampled to death, while others were severely injured.

An equally shocking accident occurred in Boston May 26. Toward evening a terrific explosion took place in the basement of a drug store, corner of Washington and La Grange streets, completely demolishing the building, and killing a number of its inmates. A street car that was passing at the time was overthrown, but no one was injured.

The Erie Railroad, being unable to pay the June interest on its funded debt, has been placed in the hands of a receiver.

The Rhode Island General Assembly, May 25, elected Henry Lippitt (Regular Republican) Governor, and Henry T. Sisson Lieutenant-Governor, no decisive choice having been made by the people at the last election.

The Pennsylvania State Republican Convention met at Lancaster May 26. General Hartranft was renominated for Governor. The principal resolution in the platform is unmistakably opposed to a "third term." It is as follows: "*Resolved*, That we declare a firm, unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the republic, which wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms, and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term."

FOREIGN NEWS.

A special dispatch from Spain to the London *Standard* reports that a Carlist battery at Mount Rico had fired on the Spanish squadron, killing the admiral in command, and wounding four of his officers.

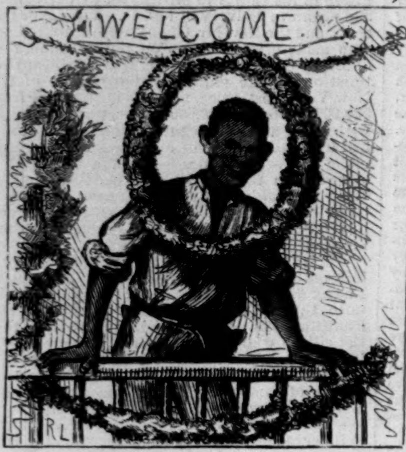
The Prussian Upper House has passed the bill abrogating articles 15, 16, and 18 of the constitution, regulating the relations between church and state. The vote was 68 to 25. Bills were also passed for the suppression of convents, and relative to the administration of church property.

The Prussian government, fearing disturbances, has forbidden processions in honor of the Pope's jubilee.

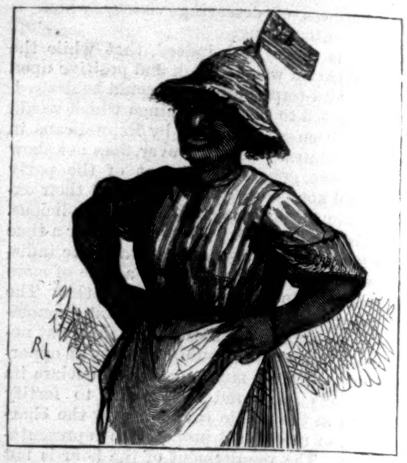
In the British House of Commons, May 24, Mr. Disraeli, replying to a question put by the Marquis of Hartington, said that it was true that the government had advised the Queen to make representations to Germany respecting the relations of that power with France. These representations had been made, and were of such a nature as to correct misconceptions and insure peace.

An Austrian ferry-boat, having on board a number of Roman Catholic pilgrims on their way to visit the shrines on the other side of the river Mur from Judenburg, recently sunk in the middle of the stream, and seventy-six persons were drowned.

Information has been received at the Department of State at Washington of the passage by acclamation, March 22, by the Cortes of Portugal, of an act granting unconditional freedom to the remaining Portuguese slaves known as apprentices or freedmen.



WELCOME.



HAPPY AS A QUEEN.

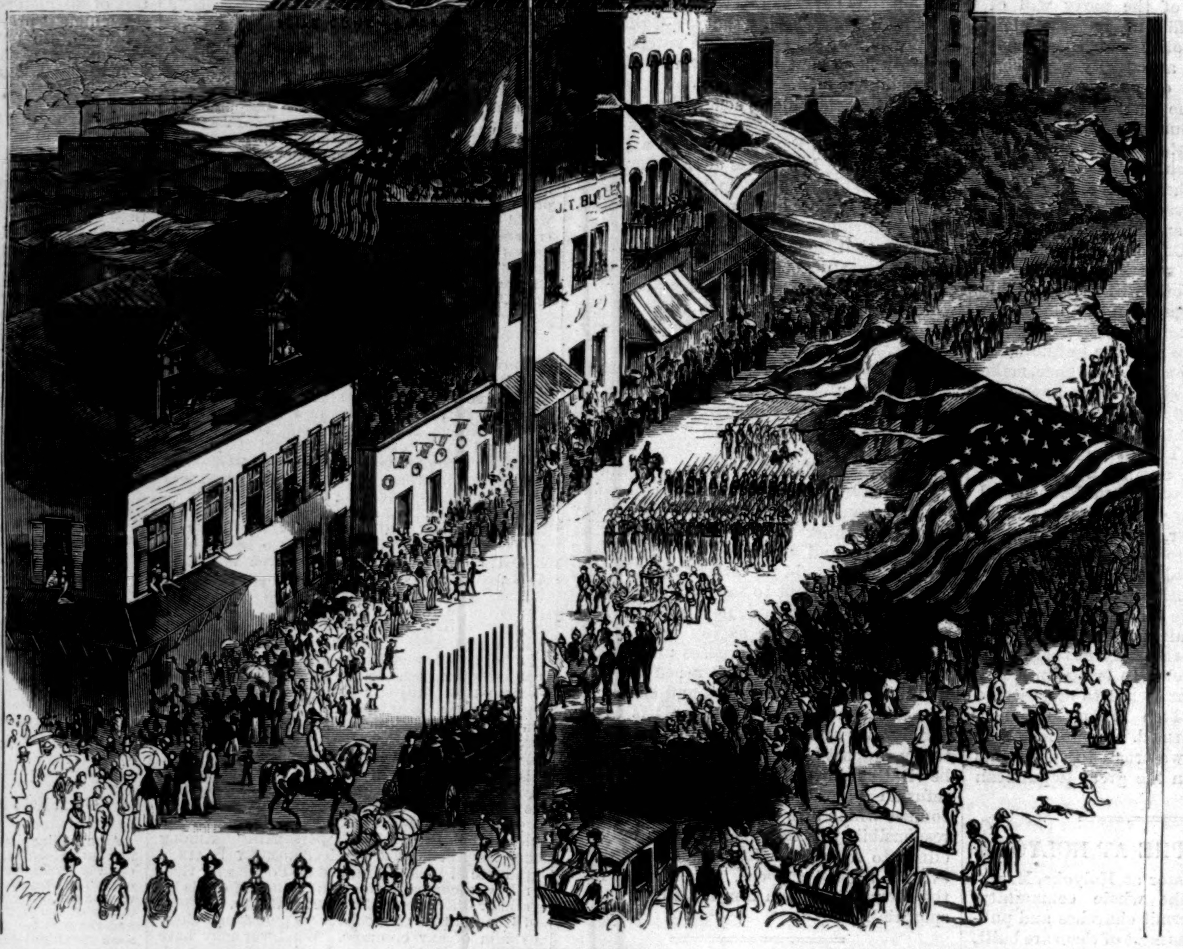
MECKLENBURG.

The ceremonies of the Centennial anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence opened at noon, May 19, at Charlotte, North Carolina. The controversy respecting the true date of this Declaration has already been discussed at length in the *Weekly*, and we do not propose going into the vexed question now. Whatever the historian's verdict may be, the people of North Carolina have settled the point for themselves, and held a grand and enthusiastic celebration of an event of which they are justly proud. According to the authorities followed in this instance, a body of delegates met in the old court-house in Charlotte at noon on the 19th of May, 1775, and after a conference lasting all that day and night, adopted resolutions declaring themselves absolved from all allegiance to the British crown.

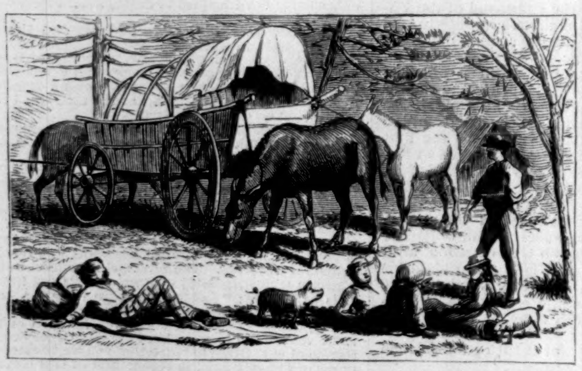
To celebrate this event great crowds of people from all parts of North Carolina and the adjoining States assembled at Charlotte on the 19th. The town was gayly decorated with flags, flowers, and evergreens. At noon the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on the Centennial flag-staff, 115 feet high, amidst enthusiastic cheering and the firing of cannon. The speeches on the occasion were eloquently patriotic. The Governor of the State, the Hon. **Curtis H. Brogden**, paid a glowing and poetical tribute to the old flag, which was received with hearty cheers. In the evening many dwellings were illuminated, and the flag-staff was hung with lanterns on lines stretching to the four corners of the square on which it stood.

The next morning the town was thronged with visitors, the number present being estimated at over 40,000. The fair grounds, where the Declaration was read and the speeches were made, are about a mile from Independence Square, which is the centre of the town. In these grounds a large stand was erected for the orators of the day, the Hon. **John Kerr**, of North Carolina, and Congressman **Bright**, of Tennessee. After the speeches a banquet was served, and the people then returned to the town. The evening was occupied with patriotic speeches and displays of fire-works. Among the side diversions of the day were races and a grand cock-fight between North Carolina and South Carolina birds, which might better have been omitted from the programme.

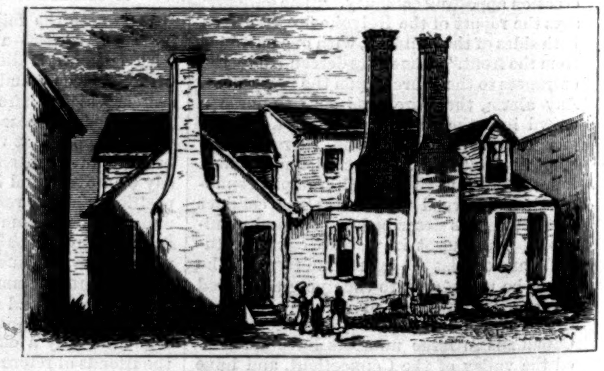
Our illustrations of this celebration, from sketches made on the spot, tell their own story. We may mention, however, that the sketch of **Cornwallis**'s head-quarters represents the rear of the building occupied by the British general in 1780, the front having been modernized. It is said to be the only relic standing of the old town of a hundred years ago. At present Charlotte has between 5000 and 6000 inhabitants. It is pleasantly situated on Sugar Creek, about twenty miles from the South Carolina line, and has fine railroad facilities. Its water-power is utilized by several cotton factories, and the people are exhibiting an enterprise that will in time make Charlotte a centre of considerable trade and manufacture. The town is embowered in green trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and the residences are neat, and some very handsome, with pretty churches, etc. There are several institutions of learning. Queen's College or Museum was established here long before the Revolution, but the museum building and the court-house are both gone, and the site of the original Declaration is now commemorated by Independence Square.



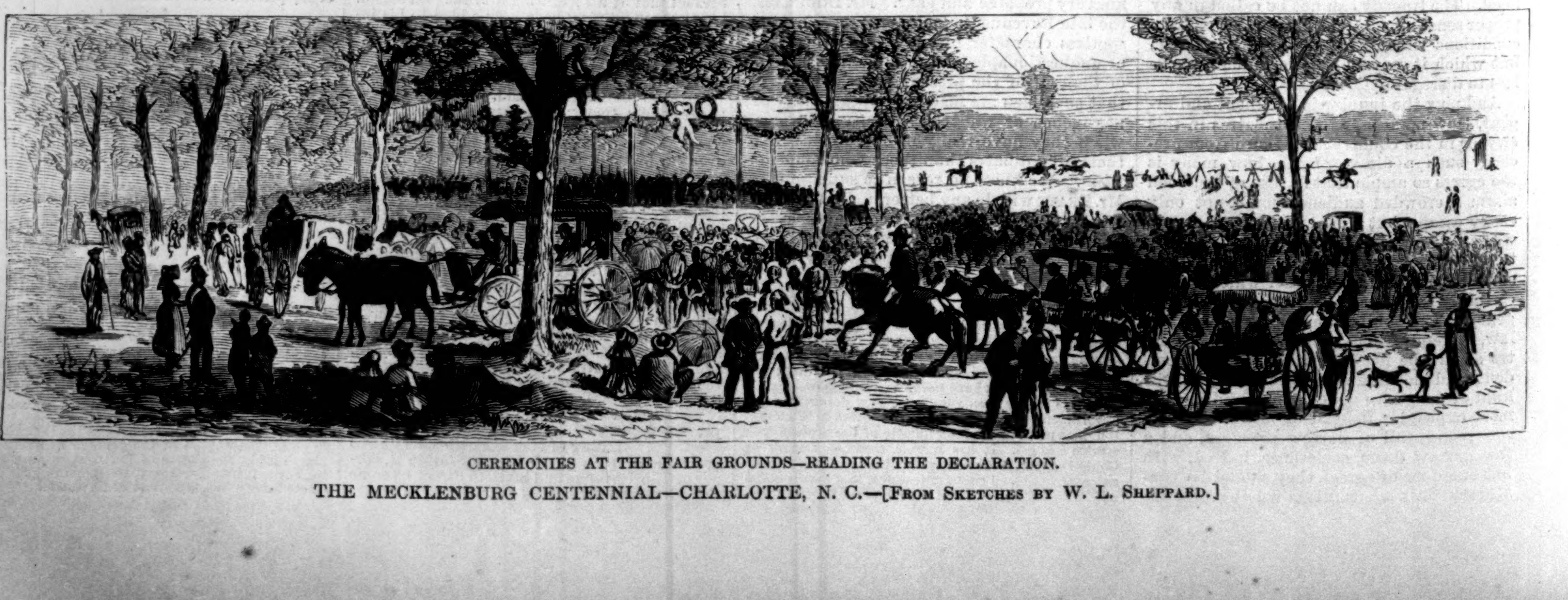
THE PROCESSION.



VISITORS FROM THE COUNTRY.

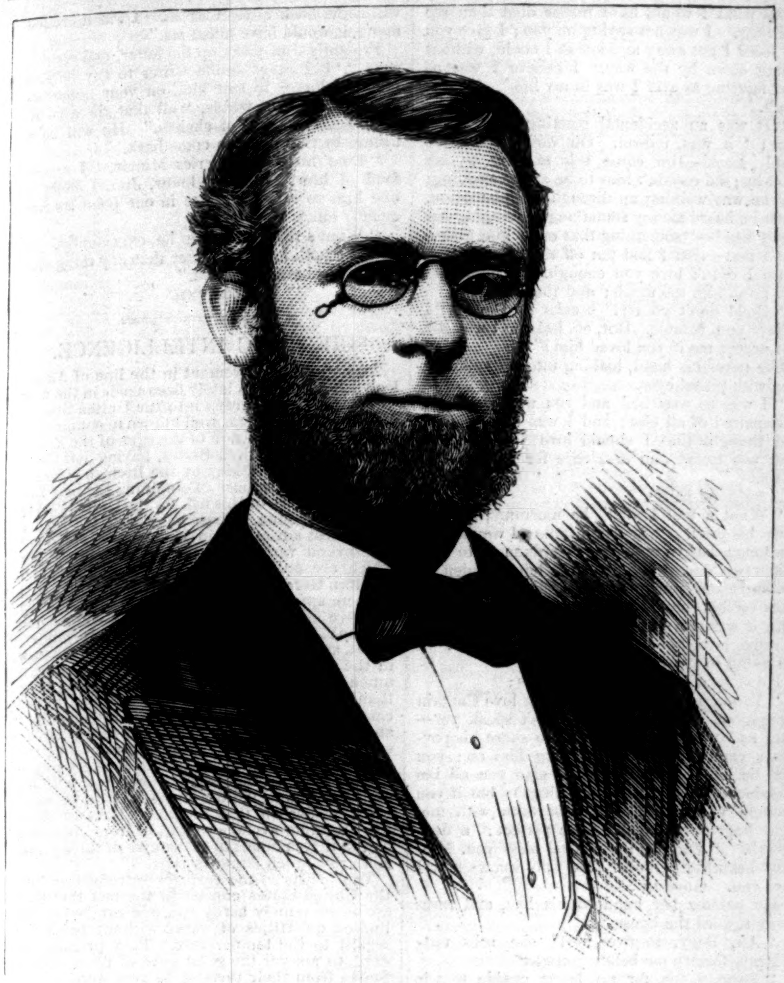


CORNWALLIS'S HEAD-QUARTERS, 1780.

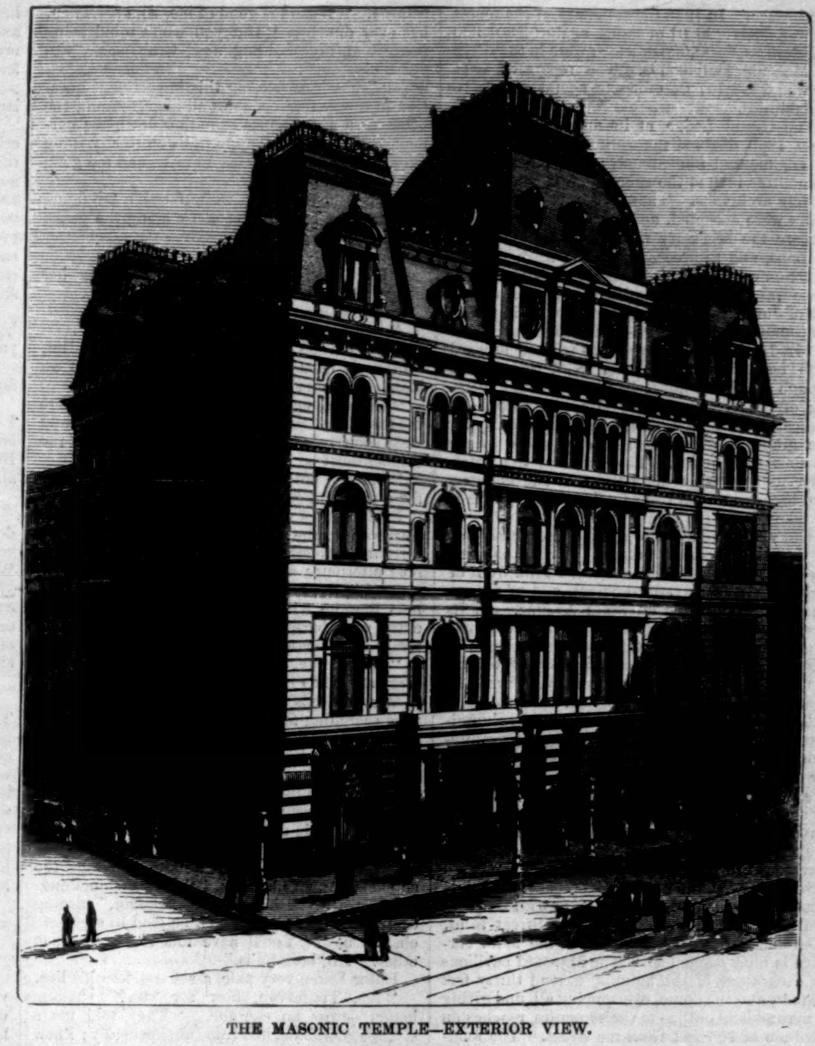


CEREMONIES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS—READING THE DECLARATION.

THE MECKLENBURG CENTENNIAL—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—[From Sketches by W. L. Sheppard.]



M. W. ELLWOOD E. THORNE, GRAND MASTER.—[Photographed by Fredricks.]

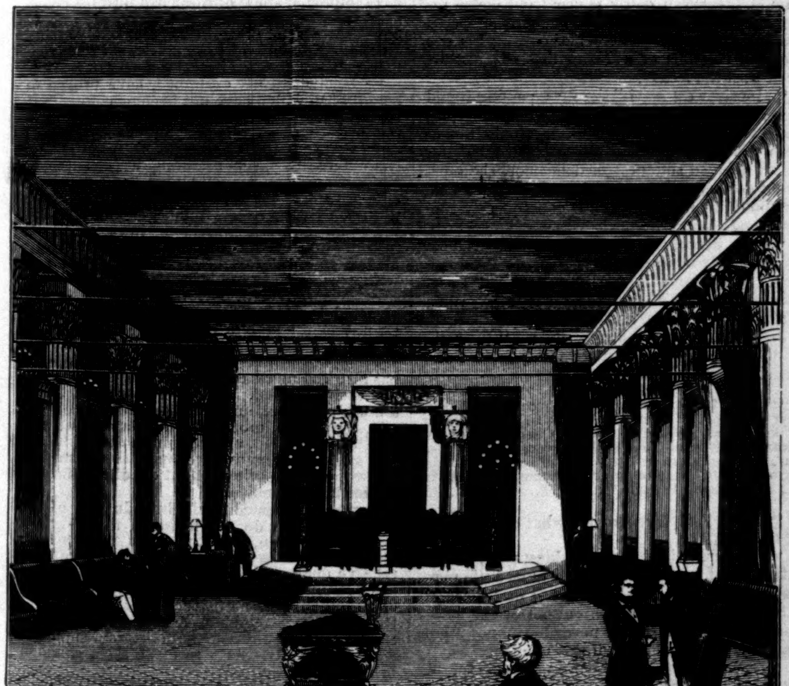


THE MASONIC TEMPLE—EXTERIOR VIEW.

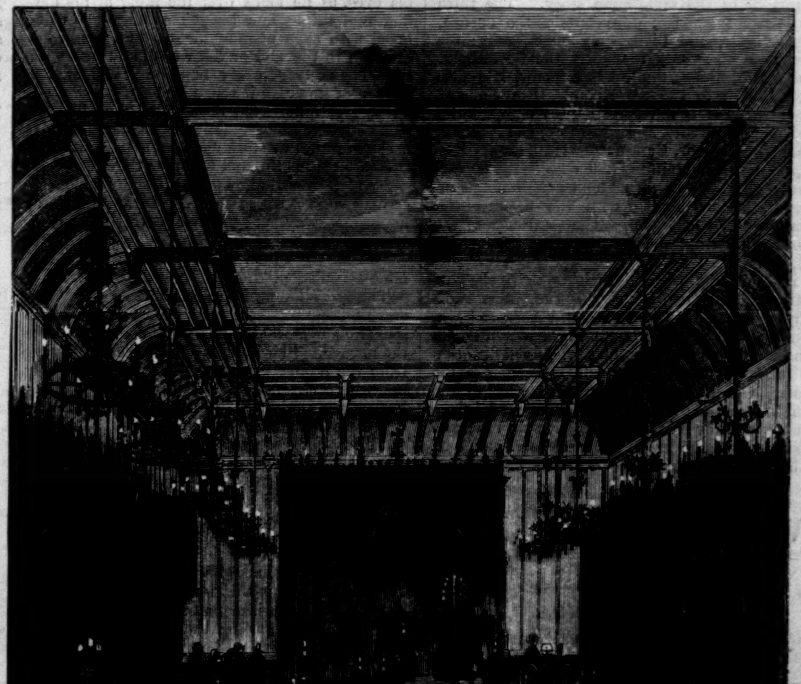
THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.

The imposing ceremonies of the dedication of the new Masonic Temple, at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, on the 2d of June, marked the consummation of a grand project set on foot more than thirty years ago. That project was, primarily, the foundation of a fund which should be devoted to the endowment of an asylum where every one having a legitimate claim on the benevolence of the Masonic fraternity might be cared for in the most ample manner. This plan was soon extended so as to include the erection of a hall or temple in this city for the Grand Lodge and other Masonic bodies, the revenue to be devoted entirely to the support of the proposed asylum.

In 1843 the Grand Lodge, at its annual session, adopted a definite plan of operations. The project at once enlisted the active sympathy of the Masonic fraternity throughout the State. The first subscription, amounting to $300, was rapidly increased by donations and judicious investments in New York real estate, and in 1866 the fund amounted to over $117,000. It was then decided to purchase land, and after realizing from their investments, the trustees purchased the church property on the corner of Grand and Crosby streets for $120,000, the whole of which, with the legal expenses, was paid within a year. A Masonic fair held there in 1867 netted over $50,000. In 1869 the Grand Street property was sold, at a net profit of nearly $50,000 on the original investment. Subscriptions continued to come in, and in May, 1870, the fund amounted to more than $380,000. The annual report in 1872 showed nearly $700,000 in hand, including the land purchased in 1869 on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, paid for in full and held free of in-



THE CHAPTER ROOM.



THE COMMANDERY ROOM.

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

cumbrance. In 1873 the summary of the report showed $837,338 01 of assets, against $301,000 of liabilities, $200,000 of which were in the shape of Masonic Hall bonds. The report of 1874 showed $932,757 04 of assets, against $352,710 of liabilities.

The Grand Lodge, at its annual meeting in June, 1869, directed the work of construction to be commenced immediately; and the Building Committee invited the submission of plans from leading architects. Those of Mr. Napoleon Le Brun were accepted, and he was instructed to prepare the necessary working plans and specifications, and to proceed with the work of construction with all possible dispatch. The cornerstone was laid, with imposing ceremonies, on the 8th of June, 1870, in the presence of an immense concourse of the craft. Under the supervision of Mr. Le Brun the work was pressed forward with energy, and in June, 1873, was ready, though still in an unfinished state, for the meeting of the Grand Lodge. Its completion and dedication this year afforded an opportunity for the grandest public display ever made by the Masons of America. Thousands of the fraternity, many from remote parts of the country, and honored guests from foreign lands, gathered to take part in the memorable event.

Our space will allow of a brief description only of this magnificent structure. It is a fine specimen of the French Renaissance, with a front of 141 feet on Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-one feet nine inches on Sixth Avenue. Of its five stories the first is in the massive and simple Tuscan style, and the other stories increase in lightness and richness through the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders successively, until the Mansard or fifth story is reached.

The main front comprises a central columniated pavilion fifty feet wide, in which the granite-work extending through the Mansard is capped by a quadrangular dome, on each side of which are two curtains, containing niches for allegorical statues, and at each angle heavily rusticated pavilions twenty-six feet wide, which form a massive frame-work to the design. These rusticated pavilions are repeated at the angles of the Sixth Avenue façade, the intermediate space being decorated with pilasters to harmonize with the central division of the Twenty-third Street front. The height from the sidewalk to the main cornice is ninety-four feet. The Mansard pavilions at each angle of the building extend thirty feet higher, and the dome, overtopping all, and giving a pyramidical outline to the structure, reaches an altitude of 165 feet from the street. The foundations are sunk twelve feet below the street, and the whole is built on solid rock.

The first floor is divided into spacious and well-lighted stores. The main entrance is through a portico at the southwest curtain, flanked on each side by elegant Masonic bronze columns, and leading by a grand marble stairway to the main hall in the second story, twenty by sixty, by twenty-eight feet high, communicating with the Grand Lodge Room, eighty-five by ninety-two feet, and the parlors of the Grand Lodge officers. The library is in the mezzanine story. The third story, twenty-one feet high, contains the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, and Livingston lodge-rooms; the fourth story, twenty feet high, the Corinthian, Composite, and Clinton lodge-rooms, and also the Egyptian or Chapter Room. The whole of the fifth story is devoted to the commanderies and A. and A. Rite, and consists of the Asylum, Council-Chamber, Banqueting Hall, and Armory, the latter containing 630 closets. The furniture and fixtures throughout are designed especially to harmonize with the architectural character of each room. The total cost of the ground, building, and furniture has been about $1,500,000.

In connection with this article we give the portrait of Mr. Ellwood E. Thorne, Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons in the State of New York, a gentleman whose zealous, untiring, and intelligent devotion to Masonry has won for him eminence in the craft. Our illustrations of the exterior of the building and of two of the rooms, engraved from photographs by Anthony, will give our readers a good idea of the grandeur and the elegance of this stately structure.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"SWEET SORROW"—SWEETER JOY.

A distant clock has twice chimed the quarters since Jim found his love under the oak-trees. As the first daze of their meeting passes away they wake to the reality of their bliss. Minnie is the first to speak.

"Oh, Jim," she murmurs, "how often I have walked up and down here, telling you all about my struggles with myself, and how sad I felt, just as if you were there, making the most bare-faced love to you all the time!" Rosy face hidden on his breast. "What can you think of me? By-the-way," looking up at him with a bright laugh, "how is it you are here at all? Nobody knew where you were; indeed, there was a funny old man here the other day who wanted your address, and we had to send him on to Malaise. Explain yourself!"

"Well, darling, if you *must* know," says Jim, with a sigh, "I came to say good-by before starting suddenly for the East."

"Oh, indeed!" nestling up closer to him.

"I came," he resumes, ruefully, "to tell you I couldn't be present at the wedding. My treasure," with a small shower of kisses, "could I have borne it?"

"I had got it put off, though, you know," she returns. "Wasn't it good of me, Jim?" Then, her eyes dancing, "But you won't mind being present at my wedding *now*, Crabs dear, will you?"

As Crabs is answering this impertinent question in a way that occupies all his attention, the boom of a gong comes sounding down the garden. They are too happy to listen to any thing except their own murmured words, and the gong sounds again unnoticed.

So also, unsteady and white-faced, a tall figure finds its way back to the house along the grass, as it had come, unnoticed.

How quickly the moments fly!

"Look out, Min! Listen!" dropping her hand and picking up his fallen hat.

"Miss Goring! Miss Goring!"

A footman clattering down the path.

"Beg pardon, miss," looking curiously at Jim, "dinner's been served nearly a quarter of an hour. Couldn't find you any where, miss."

"Come along, Jim," she says, passing before the astonished servant; "give me your arm, and we'll soon relieve their anxiety. I'm sure the colonel must be swearing."

"Wicked old man," laughs her lover. "Now for a good old crusted surprise!"

Five minutes more, and Jim is elbowing Mrs. Ferrers into the dining-room in the midst of a torrent of questions and much hilarity. His host alternates spoonfuls of mullagatawny with a running fire of chaff, and calls his gods to witness that he will commit him for trespass and entry with burglarious intent—possibly for attempt at abduction of heiress.

"By George, Sir!" with a guffaw, "what 'll Regy say when he hears of that, eh?"

Minnie drops her handkerchief, and is a long time searching for it; but the hot blood still ebbs and flows under that pearly skin in painful consciousness as she rises.

"By-the-way," breaks in Mrs. Morant, who is dining here to-night, "what has become of Mr. Dane? He went out about half an hour ago to look for Minnie down the garden, and he has not appeared since. Isn't he coming to dinner?"

"Went up stairs for a minute," answers the colonel; "nose bleeding, I think, or something. Lucky we asked him for this evening," turning to Jim, "wasn't it? You'll be glad to see him; eh, my boy? You'll have lots to say to each other. Ah, here he is."

Enter Dane, very pale, a set smile on his lips.

"Ah, Tregarvan, how are you?" shaking hands across an épergne. "They told me a strange gentleman had come unexpectedly; knew it must be you."

"Stick a knife into him!" cries the head of the table; "call him out, the villain! He made Minnie late for dinner, and it's my private opinion has been proposing to her a hurried flight with him to Cairo, and a commission as vivandière in the Viceroy's guards."

Minnie breaks into a nervous little fit of laughter, and shakes a small fist at the colonel. Jim leans back in his chair laughing too, vainly attempting the while to keep the mad love out of his eyes, as he looks over the table at his darling, and thinks how blessed a thing it is to be loved with such abandonment. She would follow him to the end of the world, and he knows it. Thank God, every body else will have a chance of knowing it too, soon!

"Never mind what the colonel says, Tregarvan," returns Regy, quietly; "I fancy you have a better future in store for Minnie than that."

Jim bites his lip, and becomes thoughtful.

Bah! how could he know, after all? Conversation resumed with renewed spirit. And so the hour slips away, and the meal comes to an end.

"Come for a turn in the garden, will you? I must be off soon."

The last chords of a selection from *I Puritani* crash out, and Minnie rises from the piano with sparkling eyes, and walks forth demurely on to the terrace. She is glad of an excuse to escape from the room; glad to get into the cool night air, where she need not be afraid of betraying her excess of joy. The greatness of her bliss oppresses her; she longs to dance, to sing, to tell every body of what has befallen her. Regy has never seen her look so magnificently fair.

They stroll along, among the heavy scent of the flowers, in silence. Now is the time to tell him, poor fellow! but how can she break it to him? How can she make him understand how impossible it is that things should have been otherwise? how make him believe her great pity for him? Now is the time to tell him, but how can she convince him that she plighted him her troth in all good faith; that, but for the merest chance, she would still be his?

She is so indescribably happy that she almost wishes she could make him happy too. But there is only one man in the wide world for her, and she can find no comfort for another but to confess him the truth as tenderly as may be.

"Minnie, answer me honestly," Dane blurts out at last, stopping suddenly, and facing round upon her, "how long have you loved Jim?"

He knows it! How fierce are his eyes, how they glitter in the dim light! An interval, his face twitching as he watches her lips.

"Ah, Regy," she answers, "I couldn't help it. If he had not loved me I should have conquered myself. I thought he did not care, but he does."

Her voice has never sounded so passionately sweet; this glory has never irradiated her beauty thus for him.

"How long have you loved Jim?" he repeats, with an effort.

She looks up at the wakeful stars.

"Since—that day—at the cascade." Then quickly, "But how can you have found out? How is it that—"

"I went to find you," he interrupts, harshly, "this evening in the plantation, and I saw and heard what I would have rather died than see and hear. I was not spying on you; I give you my word I got away as soon as I could, without falling down by the way. I believe I was as near fainting as ever I was in my life." A bitter laugh.

"It was an accidental meeting, Regy," she cries; "it was, indeed. Oh, don't laugh like that! Look—Jim came this evening to say good-by; he couldn't bear to be at the wedding; and he was walking up through the plantation, when he heard me say something"—hanging her pretty head—"something that made him understand that—that I had put off the marriage because I didn't love you enough, and because I still loved him too much; and then—"

"God! don't go on!" breaks in Dane; "I believe you, Minnie. But, oh, heavens! why did you accept me if you loved him?"

She takes his hand, looking into his suffering face with pitiful eyes.

"I was so wretched, and you were so kind; I despaired of all else; and I was fond of you, and thought that I should love you in time. But, you know, Jim *does* care for me; he did all along."

A long sad pause.

"What a fool I am!" he murmurs, gulping down his grief. "Listen, Minnie; I won't keep you long; I have only a few words more to say. When we were walking in the hotel garden at Malaise—you remember?" tossing his auburn curls off his forehead—"I made a vow to myself; it was this: that I would never, by any act of mine, bring the tears into your soft eyes. I am going to keep my promise."

He stops a moment, and resumes:

"You are engaged to me; you love Captain Tregarvan. Poor as he is—don't speak yet—poor as he is, you are willing to share his poverty; you will glory in helping him on; you will be happy with him (God give you all the happiness I wish you, my darling!); but if you thought you had broken your faith with me, your happiness would not be perfect;" a deep breath. "You are free. God bless you, Minnie—beautiful Minnie! He only knows how I love you. Good-by!"

He presses her hand to his lips, and turns away toward the house.

"Ah, Regy, forgive me!" she sobs out; "Regy, forgive me before you go!"

"Forgive you for my being unable to win your love!" Very sadly, "Well, darling, if it will put you at rest, I forgive you, and I shall love you forever. There, don't cry, little one; think how happy you have made two months of my life. Good-by, my darling; good-by!"

And he has vanished through the darkness.

The Kaiserhof Hotel, Ems. A bright sunny room; open windows, giving on waving trees and a wall of fragrant mountains, whose pine-clad crests tower above the promenade, already thronged with gay costumes on their way back from an early dose of the waters.

Breakfast things glittering on the table, and Minnie Tregarvan deftly pouring out coffee for a certain stalwart gentleman, who sits slippered and loose-jacketed at her side, casting his eye over the columns of a *Times* that has just arrived with the letters.

"Monsieur est servi," she says, passing round him to put down the cup at his elbow, with a praiseworthy attempt to look matronly in her fresh white wrapper and pink ribbons; but, for all her affected staidness of demeanor, she must needs deposit a little kiss, from behind him, on the top of his forehead, and is consequently captured and summarily dealt with.

"Poor dear little me! Can't even go near its great ugly husband without being treated like this!" seat resumed in gleeful misery. "I say, Crabs, don't keep all the news to yourself. What is that bit you are so absorbed in?"

Jim looks up with a bright smile. "It's rather interesting, Min. I'll give it you in full." Reading:

"'On the 2d inst., at the parish church of Holyoak, near Leamington, by the Rev. Alfred Ferrers, Rector of Southmead, assisted by the Rev. Charles Wincham, Vicar of Holyoak, Sir James Tregarvan, Bart., of Castle Tregarvan, Cornwall, to Wilhelmina, only daughter of the late Hon. John Goring, formerly Captain in her Majesty's 9th Hussars.'

"There, Lady Tregarvan; what do you think of that?"

"Oh dear," with just the slightest pout, "what a flourish of trumpets about our quiet little marriage! And yet, you base man, I do believe, if I hadn't seen that bit you cut out of the newspaper one day, I should never have known you had any property at all till this moment."

"It *was* such fun," he continues, opening his letters, "to hear you contriving all sorts of financial plots and economic conspiracies, to hear you map out a future, which, by-the-way, seemed to consist principally in hard work for you and beatitude for me; it almost made me wish I was hard up. Letter from the colonel: 'My dear Jim'—hum, ah—'Mrs. Morant has left us—gone to Baden with her married sister'—hum, hum—'Margaret has a severe cold—confined to her room—misses our dear Minnie very much'—our dear Minnie, indeed! of course they miss you; beastly rude if they didn't—hum—'Yours affec., Bertie Ferrers. P.S.—Poor Dane is off for change of scene to New York by to-day's mail. He looked very bad last time I saw him.'"

"Poor old Regy!" sighs Minnie, with glistening eyes.

"Suppose it were I, Min," drawing her to him fondly—"suppose *I* had said good-by, and was on my way to Egypt, looking bad?"

"Oh, Jim, I am very, very sorry for him; but I *couldn't* lose *you!*"

"He is not hopeless," whispers the deep tender voice; "the voyage will do him good; he will come back himself again. I was a broken man; it would have killed *me*."

Presently Jim picks up the letter, and continues: "'P.P.S.—Camille writes to say he has found a house to suit him, on your home estate; in his own words, "all that there is of most gentle in way of chalets." He will be a fixture by the time you come back.'"

"Dear little man," cries Minnie, "I *am* so fond of him! Do you know, Jim, I fancy I like him so much because in one point we are exactly alike."

"What's that?" inquires he, expectantly.

"We both love you better than any thing else in this big beautiful world."

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An important movement in the line of American fish-culture has lately been made in the way of introducing the carp into the United States, Mr. Rudolph Hessel, well known in connection with the transportation of the eggs of the Rhine salmon to the United States, having left New York on the 1st of May by the Bremen steamer *Donau* for the purpose of obtaining the best European varieties of this fish for the United States Fish Commission. These he expects to procure to the best advantage in Hungary, where there are several varieties much superior to those which are cultivated in France, England, and Western Germany.

There appear to be as many varieties of carp as there are of domestic fowl; and while some are lank, bony, and insipid, others are tender, sweet, and firm. There is also a great difference in the rapidity of their growth, some making a much greater weight of flesh in a given time than others. Among the finer varieties of the carp are two, known respectively as the mirror and the leather carp. The mirror carp is nearly scaleless, with the exception of a row along the lateral line, which by their size are very prominent. The leather carp is entirely without scales, although it does not appear to be especially tender on that account. Both of these fish attain an average weight of from one and a half to three pounds in the course of three years, and grow much larger in time.

The merits of the carp for introduction into the United States consist in the fact that they are an extremely hardy fish, and can be kept in limited quantities of water without particular regard to the temperature. They promise, indeed, to answer the great need of the Southern States from their thriving in very warm water, any mill-pond or ditch, however warm, being fit for their abode, provided there be an abundance of vegetable growth. Unlike the trout and black bass, the carp can live very largely upon plant matter, and is very fond of water-cresses and similar substances, although a grasshopper or worm, or other similar object, is not disdained.

The value of the carp as an article of food has been considerably depreciated by writers in the United States, but without just cause. Little is known of them here, and the experiences of American visitors to Europe, who have been accustomed to the choicer fishes of this continent, are frequently influenced by their acquaintance with the poorer kinds.

Some years ago Mr. Robert L. Pell is said to have imported some of these fish into his ponds near the Hudson River, and which are said to have escaped and multiplied considerably in that stream. Not unfrequently specimens of a carp-like fish are taken; but these, so far as they have been critically examined, have proved to be gold-fish which have not become colored. It is well known that the red gold-fish is simply a red variety of an olive-colored fish, which, as long as it is bred in confinement, maintains its characteristics after attaining a certain age. When allowed to run wild, however, a considerable portion of the fish retain their olive hue, although a greater or less number assumes the red.

The most recent experiment in regard to the introduction of the carp has been that of Mr. Poppy, in California, who, it is said, has met with great success in his enterprise.

Besides the carp, Mr. Hessel has been instructed to bring back specimens of the European tench and one or two other species of desirable fishes. The tench belongs to the *Cyprinidæ*, and attains a very considerable size, and has also the merit of being able to actually live and thrive in mud. When kept in a pond with a muddy bottom, and which dries up occasionally, the tench imbeds itself to a considerable depth in the mud, and remains there, although the surface becomes hard and packed, until a subsequent rain brings about conditions favorable for its emergence.

Persons interested in the introduction of the carp and tench do not maintain that they are equal to salmon, trout, Spanish mackerel, or other of our finer fishes; but whatever be their relative degree of excellence, the fact that they can be cultivated in water so muddy or so warm as to unfit it for the better kinds of fishes, and that they are vegetable feeders, not requiring artificial culture for their support, is a sufficient warrant for any efforts to make them common in the United States.

The *Academy* announces the fitting out of an Italian African expedition, which, landing on the shores of the Red Sea, expects to proceed to Ankober, the capital of the Abyssinian kingdom of Shoa, and thence over the almost entirely unknown region to the westward across the Galla country in the direction of the Victoria Nyanza. This region is believed to be especially interesting to the traveler and naturalist, being mountainous, and having a climate analogous to that of the Abyssinian highlands.

Dr. J. A. Krenner, of the National Museum of Buda-Pesth, gives an account of a visit to the famous ice cave near Dobschau, in the spring of 1873. It is located in the "Goelnitzer" Valley, and is excavated in triassic limestone. From the entrance the trend of the cave is downward, a large mass of stratified ice, partly transparent, partly translucent, forming the floor of the higher and larger portions, while numerous stalactites and stalagmites of ice (the former hollow) ornament the ceiling and walls, forming at times exceedingly picturesque groups. Frozen waterfalls are found near the lower portions of the cave. The ice which serves as a floor is so compact and so smooth as to furnish excellent skating. The water that does not freeze runs off to the lower portions into a mass of débris, and appears as a spring on the side of the mountain containing the cave. A number of observations give the mean temperature of the cave at —0.86° C., while outside it was +3.53° C. Dr. Krenner states various reasons why the temperature can remain so low, and thus render possible the persistence of ice, as follows: the cave has only one very small entrance, from which it runs downward throughout its entire extent; the water that is not frozen has an opportunity to flow off without stagnating, or melting the ice; the position of the entrance is such that the sun never reaches it, therefore it must be comparatively cool; a current of cold air passes upward through the cave, tending to produce low temperature.

For the purpose of furnishing a guide to Indian agents and persons interested in illustrating the ethnology of the American Indians at the Centennial, the Smithsonian Institution invited Professor O. T. Mason, of Columbia University, Washington, to prepare a series of instructions, which have just been printed by the Indian Bureau. In this we have a preliminary division of the subject under the heads of Man, His Surroundings or Environment, and His Culture. The last is subdivided into the means of subsistence, habitation, vessels, utensils, clothing, adornment, implements of general use, of war and the chase, etc., means of motion and transportation, measuring or valuing, writing, games and pastimes, music, art, language and literature, domestic life, social life, government, and religion.

Under each of these heads is a large number of subdivisions, so that it will be extremely difficult to come across any article not included in this list. The enumeration is based upon that of the National Ethnological Museum, and will be made the basis of the ethnological exhibition at the Centennial. It is hoped that the measures about to be taken by the Indian Bureau in following out this list will be successful, and that the display at Philadelphia will be every thing that can be desired, in view of the large number of foreign ethnologists who are expected to be present.

Joannon has made a communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris upon the method adopted by him in freshening the saline lands in the South of France, so as to make them available for agriculture. There are immense tracts along the coast of the Mediterranean, from Arles to Port Vendres, which are entirely unproductive in consequence of the amount of salt which they contain. The process adopted by him consists first in draining, then in ditching to a depth of about two feet, and then damming and covering with fresh-water. The water filters through the soil, and dissolving the salt contained therein, runs off by the drains. This operation is to be continued, with submersion from three to five months, according to the nature of the soil. After this the layer between the level of the drain and the surface of the field will be sufficiently free from salt to be capable of cultivation. In one establishment near Narbonne, a property which before drainage was worth $750, was in a few years raised in value to $8500.

The opening of the Zoological Station established at Naples by Dr. Anton Dohrn was held in April, on which occasion Professor Panceri, of the University of Naples, thanked Dr. Dohrn in the name of Italy for his great efforts in carrying forward the important work to a successful result. One part of the endowment of this establishment consists in the renting, at a certain rate per annum, of working tables to various countries or institutions, this carrying with it the privilege of a supply of animals, and other facilities. The countries which have already engaged tables are Prussia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Bavaria, Baden, Holland, Saxony, Alsace and Lorraine, Mecklenburg, and the University of Cambridge.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Preliminary arrangements have recently been made for the establishment and endowment of an American College of Music in this city. The origin of this scheme has aroused a good deal of public curiosity, as the founder is an unknown gentleman of great wealth, who proposes to devote about $1,000,000 to this object, and by his own desire the name of the generous donor is kept a profound secret. Several prominent gentlemen have been called upon to assist in carrying out the plan of the proposed institution, and to act as trustees. It is probable that the College of Music will be located in Central Park, in the vicinity of the new Museum of Art and the Lenox Library. The plans suggested for the building include class-rooms for the students, galleries for painting and statuary, an opera-house, and apartments for lady pupils, where they may reside while receiving instruction. Payment for lessons, board, etc., will be required of all who are able to pay; but pupils who have capacity, and are destitute of means, will receive instruction free of charge, if of American parentage. A proposed feature of the college, which is specially attractive, is a floral park, where an artificial temperature may be maintained for singers during those parts of the year which are so trying to the voice. The financial affairs of the proposed college will be in the hands of experienced business men, and assurances of support have been received from every side. One gentleman who has long had in mind the idea of establishing such an institution has offered the sum of $500,000, which will be received as a gift to the general fund. Another friend has offered $100,000 as a loan until the college shall become self-supporting. It is stated that letters have been received from a large number of American students now in France and Germany expressing their desire to enter the college as soon as it is ready for the reception of pupils. It is expected that some suitable building will be selected by the trustees for temporary use, and that the American College of Music will open in the fall. The permanent building will be commenced as soon as a plan is received which shall meet approval.

Apropos of Mr. Nast's cartoon on our first page, we may mention that the Inman steam-ship *City of Chester* takes out, free of charge, the American riflemen who are to participate in the forth-coming rifle match in Ireland. This is a graceful act of courtesy. As the Inman steam-ships are well known to make rapid and safe trips, the average passages of the *City of Chester* last year from New York to Queenstown having been eight days and five hours, our American champions and their friends may count upon an agreeable and quick transit across the Atlantic. *Bon voyage* to the good ship and its living freight!

As one of the attractions of the Centennial at Philadelphia, a grand regatta will be held on the Schuylkill, to which boating clubs of all nations will be invited. London, Liverpool, and Paris clubs have promised to take part in this regatta; also crews from Canada, Ireland, and Germany. It is also proposed that there be an international college race, in which it seems probable that either the Oxford or the Cambridge crew will take part. Various other contests are suggested, and prizes offered to the winning crews.

"The Falconer," a statue presented to the city by George Kemp, has been placed in position in Central Park, upon a ledge west of the Terrace. The statue is of bronze, designed by George Simmonds, of Rome, and cast by the late Clementi Papi, of Florence. It represents a young man dressed in doublet and hose, with a hawk poised for flight upon his outstretched left hand.

From Missouri, Kansas, and from some sections of Illinois come alarming reports concerning the prospect of another grasshopper plague. Already in some localities these pests have devoured every green thing. Farmers seriously apprehend the total destruction of crops.

The Legislature of Michigan has passed acts authorizing the addition to the State University of a Homeopathic College, a College of Mining, Civil Engineering, Metallurgy, Architecture, and Design, and a College of Dentistry, and also a State Hospital.

A bill recently introduced into the English House of Lords, "for regulating the practice of vivisection," proposes to enact that vivisection shall be performed only in places registered for the purpose, that an inspector of anatomy may at any time visit and inspect these places, and that vivisection shall not be performed on any animal unless anesthetics are employed. A justice of the peace, on receiving information on oath that there is reasonable ground to believe that vivisections are performed in an unregistered place, may grant a search-warrant. Offenses against the act are to be punishable by a penalty not exceeding £20, and they may be prosecuted before a court of summary jurisdiction.

An "old relic" was found in Jersey City not long since. Old relics are very fashionable nowadays. This was a bound volume of the New York *Evening Post*, a complete file for the first two years of its existence. It contained the first issue, dated November 16, 1801, with a prospectus written by the editor. This volume contains many matters of historical interest.

During the month of April no less than 12,435 letters and 4556 postal cards were delivered at Harvard University. Those students must do something besides studying.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is now established at 860 Broadway, corner of Seventeenth Street. There are between three and four hundred members, and it is the intention to give faithful and diligent attention to all cases of cruelty to children. Nevertheless the society will exercise great care in privately investigating all cases before public action is taken.

The following bit is said to be extracted from a cross-examination in a New York court:

Q. "Did you not at one time live at Trenton, New Jersey?"
A. "Yes, Sir."
Q. "How long did you reside there?"
A. "Two years."
Q. "What was your business?"
A. "I carried on no business."
Q. "Where did you live?"
A. "With a Mr. Yard."
Q. "Did he keep a hotel or private boarding-house?"

The question being unanswered, plaintiff's counsel continued as follows:

Q. "Did not Mr. Yard have charge of the State-prison, and did you not board with him?"
A. "Yes."

The cannon contest between the students of Princeton and Rutgers colleges is amicably settled. This is the brief history of the war: There were two cannon, relics of the Revolutionary war, set up on the campus of Princeton College, one of large size, the other smaller. Both had been captured from the British at the battle of Princeton. The smaller had remained ever since that event in Princeton, but during the war of 1812 the large gun was taken to New Brunswick for its defense. It was left on the borders of the town, and was returned to Princeton many years ago. The students of Princeton have at times boasted on account of these trophies of the Revolution, and the belief grew up among the students of Rutgers that one of the cannon at Princeton was formerly in the possession of their college. One night last April a number of Rutgers students went to Princeton and carried to New Brunswick the smaller cannon, which had been in Princeton nearly one hundred years. They met no opposition, as it was vacation; but a great commotion followed, and the restoration of the cannon was demanded. Committees were finally appointed by the faculties of the two colleges to decide upon the matter. Meanwhile the Princeton students undertook some private revenge, and abstracted some muskets, etc., from Rutgers College armory. But the appointed committees met, the facts were stated, the agreement made, and the cannon restored to the campus of Princeton College amidst great excitement. The abstracted muskets have also been returned to Rutgers.

From St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, there comes a mournful account of the burial, at Hugh Town, of bodies that had been found or washed ashore—bodies from the wrecked *Schiller*. The most careful preparations possible were made for decent interments, as the following extract will show:

> "All business was suspended, and the whole of the inhabitants attended. The islands can not boast of hearse or mourning-coach, and to have carried by hand thirty-seven bodies would have been more than the limited male population of St. Mary's could have accomplished. And yet the spectacle was exceedingly solemn. It moved the stoutest to tears. The coffins were borne on little two-wheeled carts, drawn by the shaggy ponies of the island. Each pony was led, and so slowly did the procession move in single file that it was long ere the thirty-seventh cart passed out of the spacious court-yard. All the coffins were painted black, and every one was bestrewn with flowers gathered from the blooming gardens of the Scillonians. Though far away from their homes, the deceased were not buried without some token of loving care. Herr Reiderer, one of the saved, followed behind the coffin containing the bodies of his wife and child. Around one coffin were gathered the Good Templars of the island: some token found on the body revealed to them that the deceased belonged to that order.... The place of interment was a mile away from the pier, in the church-yard of the former capital. The way to it lay over a rugged road, commanding a view of the sea all round. In the church-yard two large graves had been dug, and into them the coffins were piled. Two interments had taken place previously; but, in view of the large number of bodies to be buried, it was found impossible to have single graves for all. While the funeral was proceeding a message was received, requesting that two of the bodies should be kept uninterred till friends arrived. These bodies were accordingly returned to the pier."

One of the greatest sales of pictures at auction which have occurred in recent times took place not long ago at Christy's, in London—the sale of the Manley Hall Gallery. The total sum taken for 159 pictures was £97,783, an average of over £600 for each picture. Not less than twenty-seven pictures brought over £1000 apiece. Turner's "Grand Canal, Venice," which was originally painted for 300 guineas, was sold for 7000 guineas. It is said to be one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. A painting by Frith, "Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings," brought 4350 guineas. Two pictures of Millais brought high prices. One, known as "Jephthah," sold for 3800 guineas; another, "Chill October," for 3100 guineas. These four pictures, as well as many others, were purchased by Mr. Agnew, a dealer.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Friday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	4.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	11.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

The labors of the American evangelists in Europe are still attended with results which are without a parallel in modern religious history. The latter part of April and the first days of May were spent by Mr. R. Pearsall Smith at Elberfeld and Barmen, in Germany. These contiguous cities have long been centres of important missionary operations. Their united population is 160,000. The audiences on secular days filled the largest halls, and on Sunday, May 2, the crowds were divided into audiences of 2500 each, which were successively addressed. Among the persons in attendance were Professor Christlieb and numerous students of the University of Bonn, which is not far distant. An eye-witness writes that "wherever the services are held in Germany the same scenes of gathering crowds, in silent and often tearful interest, are seen. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, old and young, come in numbers, often journeying whole days to attend. Conservative and cautious almost to an infirmity, the great and good men of Germany are anxiously, but with admirable candor, watching these movements, and inquiring how, without too rude a shock to their time-honored habits of religious life, the Anglo-Saxon methods of reaching the hearts of the masses can be adopted in Germany." From Barmen Mr. Smith proceeded to Düsseldorf and the Hague. At the latter city the Queen attended the meetings, one being appointed by her special request. After the Brighton Conference, May 29, Mr. Smith will return to the Continent, where he will spend from six to eight months.

Still more extraordinary is the attendance upon the services held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London. On Sunday, May 23, the number reached 50,000, and 1000, it is said, visited the "inquiry rooms." A letter about Messrs. Moody and Sankey from the Archbishop of Canterbury has been published. On the whole, he approves of their work, though he sees in it some defects. "It is impossible," says his Grace, "not to take the deepest interest in the movement which has been so wonderfully successful in drawing great masses of persons to hear simple addresses on Gospel doctrines. I rejoice when Christ is preached, whether regularly or irregularly, and trust that the clergy will endeavor to deepen the salutary impressions produced by the revivalists."

A good story is told by the London *Nonconformist* of an interview between Mr. Moody and Mr. Gladstone. At one of the meetings the ex-Premier was present, and as he left he congratulated Mr. Moody on his broad, deep chest, from which he could speak audibly to such multitudes. "Ay," said Mr. Moody; "I wish I'd your head atop of it."

Biblical literature has sustained a great loss in the death of Professor Ewald, which took place early in May. As a Hebraist he was pre-eminent. Born in Göttingen in 1803, he became a professor in the university of that city in 1827, taking first the chair of philosophy, and afterward that of Oriental languages. In 1837 he was suspended for opposition to George V., King of Hanover. Thence he went to Tübingen, but finally returned to the university of his native city. He was bitterly opposed to the annexation of Hanover to Prussia, and was suspended, for this opposition, from his professorship a second time. He was nevertheless elected a member of the Prussian Parliament in 1869, where he was known as one of the most uncompromising of the "irreconcilables." Besides his grammars and other works on Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit literature, he wrote histories of the people of Israel, and of the apostolic age. He was all his life a vigorous politician, as well as an enthusiastic student and scholar.

One of the pleasant customs of Brooklyn is an annual parade of the Sunday-school children. It is a May festival, and on Wednesday, the 26th, as many as 50,000 participated. Since the city has grown so large, the schools are drafted into divisions, each division having its own place of assembling and line of march. The public buildings run up their flags, and Brooklyn on this "Children's Day" puts on its best attire. The official report of the attendance upon the schools during 1874 shows a total for summer of 37,124, winter 50,937. Of the winter attendance, 7262 are credited to the Episcopalian schools, 4072 to the Congregational, 11,403 to the Methodist, 6652 to the Baptist, 7083 to the Presbyterian, 3900 to the Reformed, 1954 to the Lutheran, 8426 to missionary and union schools, 88 to the Moravian, 45 to the Orthodox Friends, and 90 to the Christian.

The Rev. A. N. Somerville and his son were, at last accounts, in Lahore. In that city one audience addressed by them was almost wholly composed of heathen who speak the English language. Quite two hundred attended, and listened to Mr. Somerville with great interest.

Four Presbyterian assemblies are holding simultaneous sessions—the Northern at Cleveland, Ohio; the Southern at St. Louis; the Cumberland at Jefferson, Texas; and the United Presbyterian at Wooster, Ohio. The Northern and Southern Assemblies have approved of the decisions of their Conference committees, which met in Baltimore in January last. At that meeting the Southern committee demanded more apologetic concessions, as a condition precedent to the restoration of fraternity, than the members of the Northern committee were willing to make. The Southern Assembly was visited by a delegate from the Cumberland Presbyterians, who had a very friendly reception. In the Cleveland Assembly strong resolutions have been offered denouncing the Roman Catholic opposition to the common-school system. They have been referred to a special committee.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations began in Richmond, Virginia, Wednesday, May 26. Four hundred delegates were in attendance, representing thirty States, Territories, and the Provinces of Canada. Joseph Hardie, of Alabama, was elected president. The Executive Committee reported that seventeen State and Provincial Conventions had been held during the year. The most important event of 1874–75 was the visitation of the Southern States by Messrs. Cree and Hall, secretaries. Their tour lasted eighty days, and was attended every where with the heartiest welcome. The following summary of reports of associations was presented by the committee: "465 associations report an aggregate membership of 66,411. The annual current expenses, reported by 323, amount to $367,762. Eighty-eight persons are acting as general secretaries and agents of the various associations and the State and International committees; 246 keep open reading-rooms, and 153 of these report a daily attendance of 10,410; 188 own libraries, numbering 179,572 volumes, and of these 154 are valued at $189,858; 56 have buildings valued at $2,434,900; on these there is a debt of $700,750. Last year there were 50 buildings; 44 have building funds, amounting to $379,893. The aggregate of buildings and building funds amounts to $2,814,793, being an increase of $327,131 over last year. Ninety-five provide situations, and of these 35 have found employment for 8721 persons; 206 observed the day of prayer in November; 83 daily prayer-meetings are held; 348 held regular weekly prayer-meetings to the number of 610; 110 held 181 open-air meetings per week; 695 other meetings in jails, hospitals, school-houses, and elsewhere have been held by 286 associations; 114 conduct a weekly Bible class, and 76 report an average weekly attendance of 2952."

The seventh Conference of the Associations of all lands will meet at Hamburg August 14.

The twenty-seventh session of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church began in St. Mark's Church, Baltimore, May 26. The Synod represents 1228 churches and 117,029 communicants. The Rev. G. F. Stirling, of Pennsylvania, was elected president.

The American Congregational Association held its twenty-second annual meeting in the Congregational Building, Boston, May 25. The receipts for the year were reported to be $48,145; expenses, $48,007. As many as 4735 books have been added to the library, making the whole number now in the collection 16,271 volumes. The intelligence bureau for the supply of vacant pulpits, it is said, has worked well. The Hon. E. S. Tobey was elected president for the ensuing year.

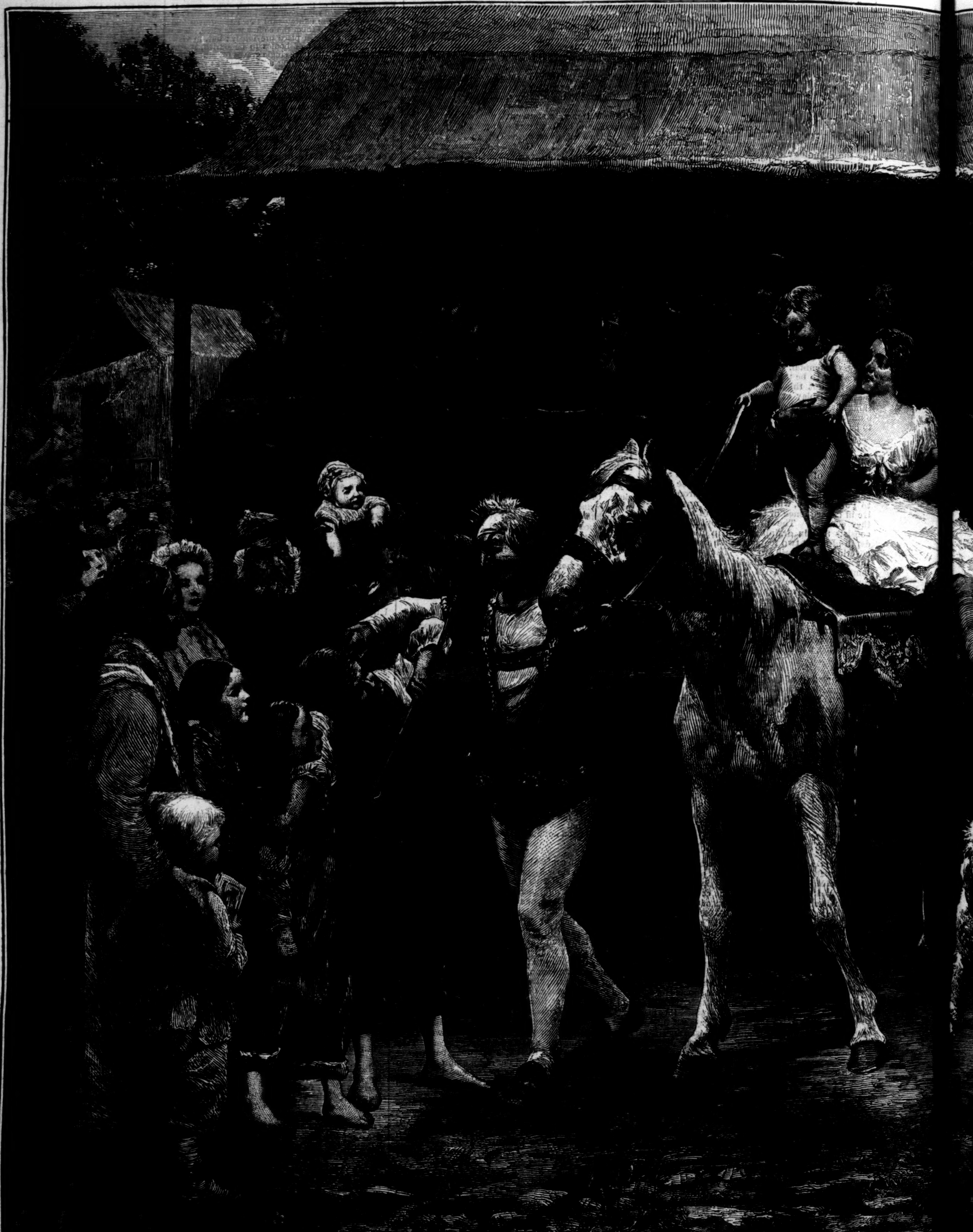
The consecration of Monsignor John Heykamp as Archbishop of Utrecht restores unity to the Dutch Old Catholics, who have of late been much divided. The ceremony took place in St. Gertrude's Church, twenty-six pastors being present. Bishop Rinkel was the consecrator, and was assisted by Bishop Reinkens. The archbishop will be, of course, excommunicated, but he is the tenth in succession since the schism, all of the preceding nine having lived satisfactorily and died in peace despite papal wrath.

The Rev. C. H. Dall, the well-known Unitarian missionary, has spent twenty years in India. He has associated himself of late with the leaders of the Brahmo Somaj, and has tried to influence them in favor of Christian theism. In his report for 1875 Mr. Dall exhibits the following results of his twenty years' work:

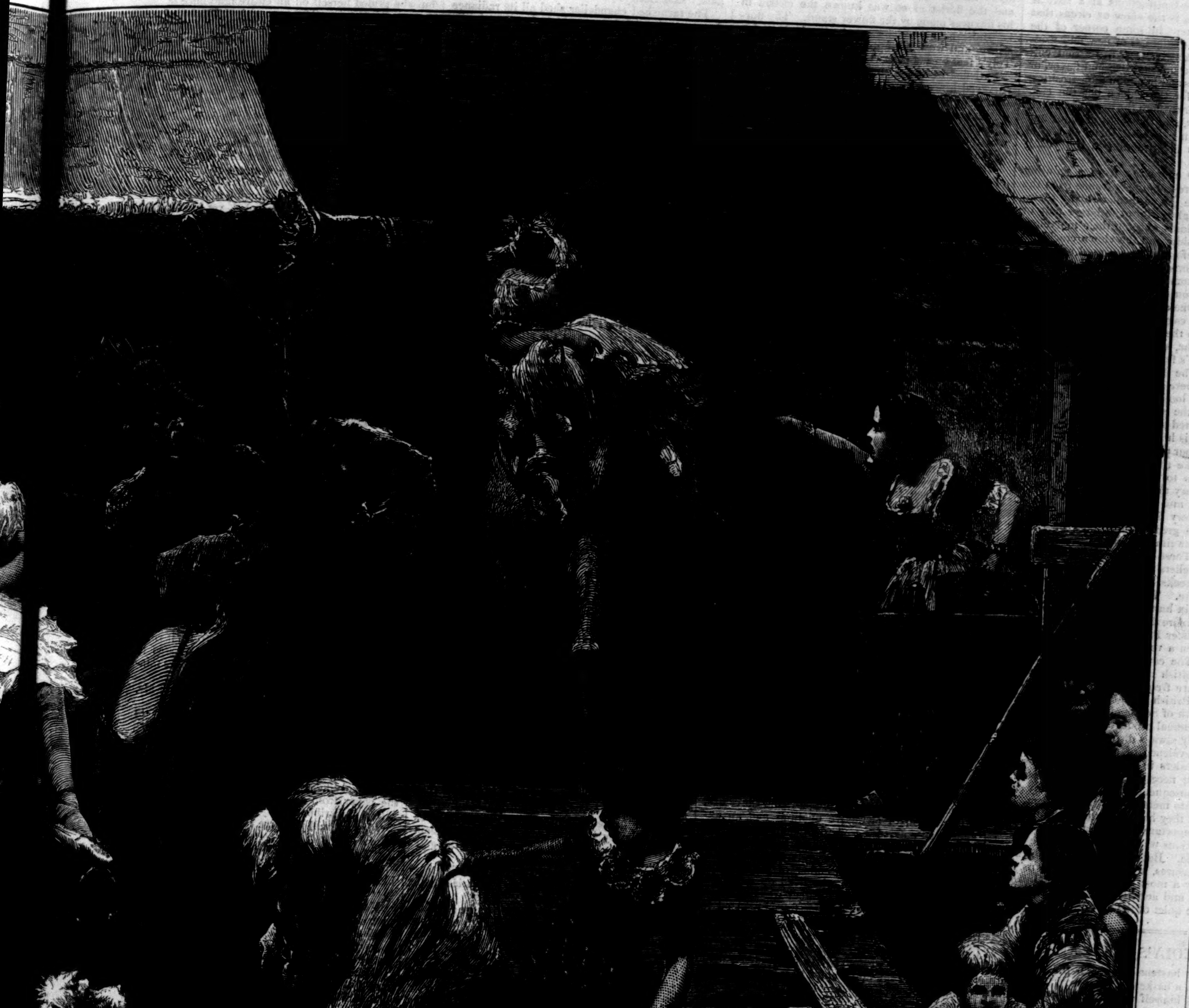
"The mission has six departments, namely: (1) its schools (employing twenty-seven salaried teachers) in Calcutta, Salem, and Secunderabad; (2) preaching and lecturing in different parts of India; (3) the general newspaper press; (4) its work in the temperance cause; (5) its own freely distributed tracts and the sale and distribution of books; (6) an extended postal correspondence.

"Total number of our pupils (taught since 1855), male and female, in Calcutta, 3486. We have now in Calcutta four daily schools, two for boys and two for girls (chiefly Hindoos, with a few Moslems and Christians), numbering 520 pupils.

"During twenty years we have printed one hundred tracts, lectures, etc., of which eighty-one are original and from the pen of the missionary, and nineteen are Bengali and Tamil translations by native gentlemen, or reprints of American tracts and sermons. They give a total of pages 2,360,491; nearly all gone—given away to inquirers."



FAIR-TIME—THE ENTRANCE TO E CI



C. Roberts Sc.

CIRCUS TENT.—[See Page 482.]

FAIR-TIME.

One of the greatest attractions at a fair, at least to the children, is the show or circus that usually pitches its tent in some corner of the fair grounds. The exhibition of new and wonderful mechanical contrivances, fruits that cultivation has forced to unusual size and flavor, or exaggerated potatoes and pumpkin monstrosities, may have charms for the elders, but the canvas temple of mystery, where the horses and their gayly dressed riders, and that hero of paint and sawdust—the clown—exhibit their wonderful feats, is the centre of attraction to the young ones.

Our double-page engraving, from a painting by Myerheim, represents the entrance from the smaller tent, where the performers array themselves in all their glory, into the larger tent or arena where the riders execute their marvelous feats of horsemanship, and the clown cracks his well-worn jokes before an enraptured audience. How great the enthusiasm that greets their coming may be seen from the delighted faces of their small admirers grouped in the left-hand corner of the picture. One adventurous youth has evidently allowed his eagerness to carry him too far. He has fallen into the clutches of the clown, who has him by the ear, and judging by the expression of the victim's face, his hold is by no means a tender one. The infant prodigy from his exalted position, where he stands in a graceful attitude of repose, looks down with grave disapprobation upon the small offender unknown to fame who has dared to venture into the charmed circle sacred to his horses' feet.

The circus of our picture is only the adjunct of a fair. Fairs, like the circus, bear little resemblance nowadays to what they formerly were. When the ordinary means of communication between countries and of the exchange of commodities were very limited, fairs were of great use. The three great annual fairs of Leipsic rendered it at one time the greatest seat of trade in Germany. These gatherings were attended by buyers and sellers from all parts of the world. Jews, Turks, Greeks, and even the Chinese, were represented there. Their origin is traced back for more than six hundred years. Transactions to the extent of more than £10,000,000 have taken place at the Easter Fair. In Great Britain also the fair has been a very popular institution, and very useful. The cattle fairs held on the borders of the Scottish Highlands and elsewhere in the kingdom are frequented by people from all parts of the British Islands. At other great fairs in the south of Scotland lambs and wool are sold, and the annual products of the pastoral districts are nearly always disposed of in this way.

But the prevalence of good roads, populous towns, with dealers in miscellaneous wares, has superseded the necessity of the usual class of fairs, and in consequence they have in many cases degenerated into mere scenes of merriment.

In America they have never been of any great mercantile importance. Frequently they are simply exhibitions where the merchandise is not offered for sale. But they afford an opportunity for social pleasures, and in country towns fairs are frequently a most important event, introducing a bustle and activity that afford a pleasant variety to the quiet of the rest of the year.

MR. TOLY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Mr. Toly hastened home in the mild April evening with a basket on his arm. To be sure, he admitted himself with a latch-key, after the manner of the gentlemen of Mrs. Skipwell's establishment, but before dinner-time the rumor had circled swiftly from floor to floor of No. 19 —— Place that Mr. Toly had been seen carrying a basket as if it contained eggs.

"I do wonder what it can be?" pondered Miss Walker, the dress-maker, as she consulted the cracked mirror of her tiny room above stairs in a flutter of expectation.

No. 19 —— Place was a large, old-fashioned house, located in the unpopular quarter long known as "down town." In its faded splendor the mansion seemed to scorn its small brick neighbors, as if it were a sort of reduced gentlewoman of a house, and would not associate, even in poverty, with trades-people.

Mr. Toly, with manner evincing suppressed excitement, went to his room, his step precise and gingerly, deposited the basket on the table, rubbed his hands, and looked about him. He occupied one of the parlors, which had a ceiling elaborately gilded, the walls paneled in sea-green, and the chimney-piece so exquisitely wrought that the marble seemed deep unfolding flowers of snow. The effect of this elegance was somewhat marred by the prominence of a battered wash-stand and a rusty pair of tongs; but Mr. Toly, whose temperament was poetical, strove desperately to keep up appearances by imprisoning his bed in a "Plimpton" case, and banishing his boots to a cavernous and mouldy wardrobe.

Often did he sit in reverie before the fire, with his pipe, wondering if the people who once thronged these rooms in gayety and life had passed away, and if the house were not still eloquent with some faint pulsation of their presence. Such old homes, deserted and forgotten by the children, are like the graves of the parent builders. Mr. Toly lifted from the basket a rose-bush in bloom, and placed it on a stand with other plants in the window. Having performed this feat, he stepped back, folded his arms, put his head on one side, and ejaculated, "Perfect!"

This stand of flowers in Mr. Toly's dominions had a deep significance. A pair of bright eyes had lured him from the purchase of one fuchsia to three pots of heliotrope, and thence into reckless indulgence in japonicas and camellias, until the apex of his folly was reached in this final tea-rose. According to the scale of Mrs. Skipwell's household, Mr. Toly was well to do; he was an agent for steel pens; but to his own conscience and the florist alone was known the chasm in his finances made by the flower stand. The florist—miscreant that he was!—laughed in his sleeve, and wove a trap of maiden-hair for Mr. Toly's feet on his next visit.

Satisfied at last with his exertions, Mr. Toly surveyed himself in the cheval-glass. A small, thin form, sallow complexion, hair and mustache of that raven's-wing black suggestive of Mrs. Allen's Restorer, and primly neat costume. This was the Mr. Toly who answered the summons of the bell and entered the dining-room.

Here were gathered fellow-boarders, a portion of that great army which yearly changes its camping-ground, marching through miles of brick and mortar in vain search for domestic comfort, too often with muskets reversed over dead hopes of discovering households which do not dissolve on the 1st of May. On each face was legibly imprinted that canker blight, "I board."

At the head of the table sat Mrs. Skipwell, somewhat frayed and fly-away as to dress, with abstracted gaze, and a high forehead. She was supposed to possess the clairvoyant power, which she had not leisure to cultivate as a branch of education; but if a household emergency required, Mrs. Skipwell might be found in a dark little room, with a pack of cards spread out on the table, and a spectral forefinger tracing the ten of clubs, which meant unexpected wealth. The ten of clubs might shoot like a comet of hope across Mrs. Skipwell's fortune, but the money never came. A successful landlady? Hardly that; for what with the business failures of Mr. Skipwell, the non-payment of trusted boarders, and the necessities of a large family, Mrs. Skipwell had been "foreclosed" and "sold out" so many times that she bore these disagreeable processes with commendable equanimity. There was a remote country town from whence swarmed nephews and nieces innumerable, and she received all with unvarying hospitality. Indeed, it seemed as if the Skipwell race issued forth, like the Goths of old, to found new colonies.

For the rest, the landlady was more popular with her boarders than with her butcher and baker. One can not hope to please every one. She went through some murmured formula of wishing people to feel "at home," although no one ever did.

Mr. Toly's seat was at the other end of the long table, with Miss Walker, alert and good-looking, on his right, and a tall Prussian on the left.

There was a politician, to whom dinner was a matter of indifference, either because he had taken many "modest quenchers" on his way up town, or because he loved to discuss knotty questions of national greatness in a clear, metallic voice.

There was General Gallinipper, from the South, a gentleman of attractive qualities and an exaggerated deference toward the fair sex. Mrs. Gallinipper and several juvenile Gallinippers were waited on by a sullen mulatto girl.

There was also any number of young clerks of buoyant disposition, who lived up under the roof like swallows. The dinner was dubious in flavor, the roast beef having first imparted its juices to the soup, and the turkey proving a sorry veteran. With what superiority did Mr. Toly survey his benighted fellow-creatures from his own height of wisdom! He was rooted on the Graham system, and seemed to subsist chiefly on bran and boiled carrots. He was ready at any moment to don his armor and wage a deadly warfare with animal food. He found a disciple in Miss Walker, who proved an admiring satellite amazingly soon after learning what Mr. Toly's business standing actually was, as Mrs. Skipwell's lady boarders freely remarked.

A young girl entered the dining-room, leading a deformed child. The girl was so lovely in the freshness of a Hebe-like bloom that the dingy room seemed to brighten for her presence. She took her place at a side table. Mrs. Gallinipper and the politician's wife, as leading ladies of the establishment, ignored her. Mr. Toly dropped a tea-spoon nervously, and began to whisper to Miss Walker.

"I—I have something in my room which will please you, I believe," he said, with flattering eagerness. "Perhaps you will ask Miss Lottie and Henry to step in also after dinner."

"Really you are too kind," murmured Miss Walker, glancing up through her eyelashes in a manner that would have struck terror to the soul of any man less blind than the vegetarian.

The girl Lottie was belle of the fourth floor. There are better schools for maidens than pausing on the landing of a boarding-house to laugh and chat with half a dozen young men, but this one had a Mentor in the little deformed brother Henry, for whom she toiled all day in the store of Drudge & Co. When the laughter became hilarious, a thin hand plucked at Lottie's dress.

"Come and see my last doll, sister. I don't like you when you speak so loud."

"Ladies speak softly, like Mrs. Gallinipper," Lottie would retort, defiantly, smarting under some slight from the first floor. "I'm not a lady, you know." Then she would go quietly to admire the doll, but all the same Mrs. Gallinipper was the Mordecai in Lottie's gate.

Robert brought balm to wounded vanity in unvarying devotion. He was a young man of a hopeful temperament and large nose, prone to excessively gay cravats. With true feminine coquetry, Lottie now smiled on her lover bewitchingly, and then scorned his humble offerings.

"Where are you going?" inquired the fourth floor that evening, for the most part with a pipe in its mouth.

Lottie's response was by no means choice, yet the lips that framed it were rosy and soft:

"Old Toly has invited us down stairs."

"I think he's going to marry Miss Walker; he's always whispering to her with such a queer look," said Henry.

The tarnished chandelier shed all its radiance down on the flower pyramid before which the two young visitors paused in speechless delight, the boy with tightly clasped hands.

As for Mr. Toly, he seemed to have suddenly gone mad. He skipped wildly about his dominions in a flutter of agitation; he presented the two ladies with boxes of bonbons; he insisted on having his health drunk in a glass of sherry all around; and when he placed the largest pot of heliotrope in Henry's arms, he became a hero in Lottie's eyes.

"Oh, how good you are!" cried ardent, impulsive sisterhood, resting one peachy cheek, with a nestling movement, on the yellow hand of the host.

This trifling incident occasioned delirium on the part of our worthy vegetarian. When his guests had departed, and the diamond ceased to scintillate before his dazzled eyes, he paced the floor with light, unequal footsteps. Love may kindle as pure and exalted a flame at No. 19 —— Place as in more favored localities. The manhood of Mr. Toly had been undisturbed by a throb of passion; he had devoted himself to the sale of steel pens and the study of his own constitution. And now a merry, dimpled face having once been mirrored in his soul, the depths were stirred and troubled forever. His senses had been taken captive in a sudden overwhelming rush of emotion, and oatmeal porridge, douche baths, flesh-brushes, and the water-cure treatment became as dross. Nature resented the interference of a shop-girl, who acted as a drag on the wheels of a very complicated machinery, and the reaction was the more alarming from the fact of Mr. Toly's having treated himself as if made of glass for so many years.

The soft cheek had touched his hand, the bright eyes beamed on him kindly; for two hours had he been permitted to gloat on the golden hair, delicate little nose, and shell-like ear. So Mr. Toly worshiped his divinity through the midnight hours, after his own fancy, and built air-castles of surpassing splendor, such as had never before haunted his brain.

"He is a real good old thing!" was fair Lottie's comment as she carried Henry's gift up stairs.

Robert, who was not included in Mr. Toly's select invitation, sat on a trunk in the hall reading a newspaper beneath a flaring gas jet. There was not much fun in his evening, but Robert made the best of it. The heliotrope was received by the fourth floor with admiration, partly because of its fragrance, but chiefly to gratify Henry. Robert alone was dubious. Was Mr. Toly growing sweet on Lottie? What did it all mean? The belle of the fourth floor was in a perverse mood; she even sailed off without saying good-night. Once alone, she drew from her pocket a letter already perused many times that day. The paper was scented, the handwriting easy and graceful, and totally unlike Robert's round, clerkly hand. Long after Henry slept she sat gazing with wide-open eyes into the gulf before her.

Miss Walker retired with a pensive smile. She was disposed to regard Mr. Toly's vagaries of the evening leniently.

"Poor man!" she said, with a gentle sigh, "I am sure that he needs some one to take care of him." Then she peeped into her bonbon box, and was not surprised to find a verse of poetry, written in a spidery hand with one of Mr. Toly's patent pens, dwelling with ungrammatical rapture on her eyes and complexion.

"He never did it before, evidently," reflected this wise young woman, who had her own way to make in the world. She received the poetry none the less complacently that it was intended for Lottie, and the hapless Mr. Toly had given her the wrong box, in his bewilderment.

The tall Prussian was holding converse with Bridget in this wise at his chamber door:

"You haf no vine in dis house—hein?"

"Wine, is it? Indade no, thin; not even a sup o' beer."

"Vere sall I haf my shoes to polish?" after much difficulty.

"Boots blacked? Faith it's to the street corner ye must go. It's not us gurls that can be afther clanin' thim, wid all our wurk."

"Oh," assented the German, evidently considering this one of the customs of a strange land. "Attend. I must vish for someting. I vant a box light."

"A what?" Bridget's voice acquired a rising inflection.

"Attend. I sall vish a wax-candle."

"Holy Mother! Ye'll only find thim in the churches, I'm thinkin'. Here's the nice, purty gas," coaxingly.

"I no like gas. He smell. Bah!"

"Try it, now, jist."

The way the Prussian tried it was to bring all the glass globes down about his head in ruins. Then Miss Walker took a patent Yankee candle-stick from her trunk, which resembled a brass light-house, and tapped on the stranger's door. The Prussian beamed through his spectacles with such frank honesty and thanks for the friendly service that Miss Walker could not but wonder if he also was eligible.

Next day the dress-maker decided to remain at home and refurbish her own wardrobe. Tap at the door—General Gallinipper, to borrow a late magazine, in case business proved dull. (It usually did.) Tap second—Bridget, to know if Miss Walker would loan the mistress a five-dollar bill until to-morrow morning. Tap third—the politician's wife, to inquire if Miss Walker had a paper pattern of the jacket she wore at breakfast. Tap fourth—Mrs. Gallinipper, to call and express her opinion of the scandalous way in which the house was kept. All day did Mrs. Gallinipper sit in a faded room, with her pretty hands idly folded, naïvely unacquainted with all worlds besides her own. Paris fashion and English nobility had been watch-words from her infancy, but she prided herself on an entire ignorance of matters up North. The general had descended the scale from hotel life to Mrs. Skipwell's dilapidated mansion, where he still swaggered, and confided to attentive listeners his hopes of the next campaign, or dwelt on the splendors of his plantation home. Poor Miss Walker found no seclusion from the prying scrutiny of kindred Arabs until she locked her door.

Mr. Toly ascended to the fourth floor. He sought Henry, and at that hour was in no danger of the galvanic shock of meeting Lottie.

The boy sat in an arm-chair before the window, quietly watching the rain-drops on the pane. The room was poor, but there was a canary-bird in a cage, and a gold-fish swimming in its crystal globe. Henry was sadly crippled, yet his head was beautiful, with hair like rings of pale gold. He would have been old-fashioned had not Lottie brought the daily sunshine which kept his childhood blooming, and he did not mope in his loneliness. "The nest of the blind bird is made by God," says the Turkish proverb. Mr. Toly could not but marvel at the resources of invalid childhood, when mind absorbs physical force in undue proportion. On the table were ranged a company of dolls, some with cork heads, others made wholly of rags, yet each representing a character drawn by a great master, Charles Dickens, whose genius reached this room, coloring with pleasure the life of a child. Little Nell was a delicate wax lady with falling locks of yellow raveled silk; and the grandfather, leaning on her arm, had a walnut for a face. Paul Dombey was a tiny wooden boy perched in a high paper chair, and watched by Mrs. Pipchin on a whalebone seat, her countenance of raisin emerging from a frilled cap. Blessed cheapness of paper editions of great works! Henry received Mr. Toly gravely.

"All alone, eh?" questioned the visitor, with assumed ease. His fingers trembled as they held a package, and his eyes were haggard with sleeplessness.

"I don't play with the other children; they are silly," replied the boy, with some contempt. "I like the bird and the fish better. Dicky sings of the warm countries: only he troubles my head when he gets going too fast. The gold-fish is a great whale lying out in the ocean for the ships to come and get oil. As for the heliotrope, it rings little bells. What if a flower-bride, dressed in velvet, should marry one of the fairies of the rain-drops!"

"You should go out-of-doors more," said Mr. Toly, absently.

"I go every where," laughed the boy. "I like best to sit outside Lottie's shop and watch the people. If I could sell bouquets, I need not be ordered off, only Lottie says we have almost too much money now to use up, and *she* knows."

Mr. Toly fidgeted about, and at last removed the paper from a volume of blue and gold, tied with a pink ribbon.

"Henry, will you give this to her?" he asked, tremulously.

"Yes," said Henry, promptly.

"You know who I mean?" said Mr. Toly, blushing.

"Oh yes, I know," returned the boy.

Very much relieved and encouraged by this matter-of-course aspect on the part of the young brother, Mr. Toly departed. Could his love be so *very* ridiculous if a boy received evidence of it without surprise?

The clock struck twelve. Henry marched straight down to Miss Walker's room. "Of course I know; I can see things. Didn't I tell Lottie so?" reflected the youthful emissary. Repeated knocks, and then a voice through the key-hole: "Miss Walker, if you are there, I've got a present for you from Mr. Toly."

The locked portal flew open as if by magic. Fate was playing strange pranks with Mr. Toly. Folded between the leaves of the volume of poems was an offer of marriage, stating that the writer could endure suspense no longer. "My dear girl," began Mr. Toly, boldly.

Miss Walker spurned the gown she was flouncing, and sat down to day-dreams.

The clock struck twelve. Robert was standing on the third floor of the grocery establishment where he was employed, with a book in his hand, making memoranda. The young man stepped back, and disappeared down the hatchway. Dead? No; a senseless heap in the basement for the hospital stretcher to remove from the busy street. That was all.

The clock struck twelve. Lottie stood behind the counter of Drudge & Co. with many other "sales-ladies," all young things cramped by the dull routine of shop, envious of the customers they served, and permitted no rest from morning until night by their cruel task-masters. Lottie was not overwise, and daily her careless step tripped along among snares set for her and such as she. Fond of fun, light-hearted, overflowing with health, and doomed to work under Mr. Drudge's tyranny—such was Lottie's portion.

A handsome, exquisitely dressed man strolled in and lounged on the counter, selecting gloves. The fine eyes sought Lottie's blue ones with eloquent admiration, which deepened the color in her cheek.

"At six o'clock," he said, paying for his gloves, and strolling away again with a smile on his face, as if the monotony of existence had been slightly enlivened.

This was not the first time the handsome man had entered the store, his fancy caught in the meshes of Lottie's golden hair. Mr. Drudge peered, with vulpine eagerness, at the record of pretty Lottie's sales.

After that the day passed in a dream; the girl mechanically served supercilious ladies in velvet and sables, who snubbed her for her beauty. She kissed Miss O'Grady good-night, the impulsive young woman from Cork, on her right, and she gave the blue ribbon from her own hair to Miss Levy, the aquiline neighbor on her left. Then she crossed the threshold of Drudge & Co., never to return.

Arriving at No. 19 —— Place, she flew up stairs, embraced her little brother passionately, and wrapped herself in a water-proof cloak, as it was already dark.

"I am going out, dear. *I will surely come back soon.*"

Mr. Toly lay in wait, like a spider, on the first floor, and caught her hand.

"I am in a great hurry to meet somebody," said the girl.

"One moment, I beg," implored Mr. Toly.

Miss Walker came down stairs, also draped in the classical water-proof garment, with the hood drawn over her head. She passed Mr. Toly with downcast eyes, and slipped out-of-doors. All day had the dress-maker pondered on her proposal, and after destroying three replies as unsatisfactory, she now held the fourth, ready to post. Modesty prevented her from giving verbal consent, and she was far too wise to direct her letter to Mrs. Skipwell's house. What, have all the ladies at luncheon peeping at the envelope in the rack, and commenting on Mr. Toly's correspondence? No, indeed! Mr. Toly should be made happy when he reached his office next morning. Emerging from the house, she sped swiftly to the corner letter-box. A carriage waited there, with a tall man standing beside the open door. Miss Walker felt herself gently but firmly drawn toward the carriage. She resisted.

"There is nothing to fear, darling," murmured a soft voice.

"I'm not your darling," retorted Miss Walker, indignantly. A shriek rang out on the air, which brought a human head to every separate window of —— Place. Miss Walker's would-be abductor sprang into his carriage and drove rapidly away.

"I don't know what you are talking about," Lottie was saying, pettishly, to the enamored vegetarian.

"Lottie, are you there?" Mrs. Skipwell, panting and breathless, had put her arm about the girl. "I've got word from Robert. Can you bear it? He is at the hospital—only hurt, mind; but we must go to him directly."

Robert hurt, perhaps dying! Lottie felt as if stunned by a sudden blow. Did she really care for Robert? She could not tell. In Mrs. Skipwell's room a frightened face was pressed against her shoulder.

"I was about to run away. The carriage was for *me* to go in and marry a handsome rich gentleman."

"God help us all!" ejaculated the landlady. She kissed Lottie, and put on her hat for her. Mrs. Skipwell never repulsed sinners, but helped them out of their scrapes. In the mean while Miss Walker, rescued from peril by a sturdy policeman, allowed Mr. Toly to lead her to a seat on the parlor sofa, while she detailed her adventure amidst many sobs. After all, there is some glory attached to being carried off for one's charms, whether willing or not.

"I was about posting the answer to your letter," she said, behind her pocket-handkerchief.

Lottie had made the dress-maker her confidante, then, even as Mr. Toly had regarded her as a medium of approach to his divinity. What a sly puss it was!

"Do you really think there is any hope for me, dear friend? My circumstances are good; I would be a careful protector. My age is rather mature, perhaps. Ahem!"

He ventured to take Miss Walker's hand, in his delight at her ready sympathy. That young lady suffered her head to decline gently on Mr. Toly's shoulder.

"I know you have great influence with her," he proceeded, nervously, not altogether liking the situation.

"Her!" repeated Miss Walker, whisking the handkerchief from her face. "Who do you mean?"

"Lottie, of course. I know it's foolish, but I can't help it."

"A man of your age! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself! The letter was sent to me." Thus was the injured lady's honey turned to gall.

"Ma'am! I don't understand," gasped Mr. Toly. That he did understand was evident, for every separate hair on his head stood on end with horror at the blunder he had made. Would Miss Walker persist in marrying him?

With a justifiable exhibition of temper, she flung her letter at the culprit, and rushed out of the room. Mr. Toly looked askance at the missive a moment, then took it carefully between thumb and forefinger, as if afraid it would bite, and deposited it in the fire.

Afterward he went to dinner gloomily, and devoured beefsteak abstractedly, for which he was rallied by General Gallinipper. Mr. Toly was in no mood for raillery. He fixed his eye on his man sternly.

"I met Major Gallynipper to-day," he said.

"Ah, yes; my cousin," returned the general, carelessly.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Toly, with cutting emphasis: "he belongs to the original family of Gallynipper, spelling the name with a *y*."

Mrs. Gallinipper sank back in her chair and burst into tears. The general drew himself up, and surveyed Mr. Toly with withering scorn.

"Sir, the presence of ladies prevents me from punishing you as you deserve for this insult. If you were more of a man, I would demand satisfaction. As it is, one of us must leave this house to-night."

Mrs. Skipwell's husband, an apparition in beard and dressing-gown occasionally seen gliding through the hall, mildly demurred at General Gallinipper's proposition of immediately ejecting Mr. Toly from the premises, as the latter was an old boarder, prompt in payment, and his only requirement vegetables without salt. Whereupon the Gallinipper trunks bounced down stairs in a jiffy, and the general departed without settling his little account.

Robert lay white and still on his couch. Lottie beheld him with a qualm of conscience. Just in proportion as she feared losing him in death did his real worth become apparent, and she repent of her unfaithful thoughts. Poor, hap-hazard Mrs. Skipwell was a guardian angel, after all. She whispered to Robert, who smiled faintly and held out his hand, in which Mrs. Skipwell placed Lottie's. The chaplain married them. Robert would need a wife to take care of him, declared this landlady with the clairvoyant gift.

While Mrs. Skipwell was playing the part of guardian angel abroad, the Gallinipper trunks were descending the stairs with vicious lunges at drugget and oil-cloth, Miss Walker was hopping in and out of her room, wearing an expression of intense determination, and Mr. Toly, with his door bolted, as if fearing to be captured by a flank movement, was deliberately smashing the flower-pots, as well as working havoc with his other worldly goods. At midnight Mr. Toly opened his door, thrust out his head, and listened. The house was quiet. He ventured to put forth one foot, with a timid glance at the staircase above; and having achieved this much, he banged the front-door defiantly.

Next day Mrs. Skipwell received a remittance, and orders to deliver Mr. Toly's luggage to the bearer.

"Dear, dear! he was one of my best boarders," she sighed, shuffling her pack of cards somewhat despondingly.

The blighted dress-maker did not appear before her world until dinner-time. Lo! the good-natured Prussian invited her to go to the Stadt Theatre. Was it in memory of the candlestick, or had the worthy German discovered virtues in his trim neighbor? Miss Walker put on a fresh neck-ribbon and went.

In the twilight of winter evenings the shadowy parlor knows Mr. Toly no more.

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

[See Portrait on Page 484.]

It was when the Roman pontiffs had first conceived the design of universal dominion that Nicholas II., or more probably his chief adviser, Hildebrand, afterward Gregory VII., destroyed the democratic element of the Roman Church (1059), took from the people and the priests of Rome the right to elect the popes, which they had ever held, and conferred it upon the cardinals alone.* It was Hildebrand's aim to create a spiritual despotism for his own order, and to raise the power of the Papal Church upon the ruins of the civil governments. He despised the people; he trod upon the necks of kings; he declared that the civil law must every where yield to the spiritual; he deposed and appointed princes; he greedily enlarged the wealth and territory of the Roman Church; he sowed the seeds of endless war in Europe, and covered Italy and Germany with ceaseless horrors. But one memorable repulse Gregory met with. When he proposed to the English to obey and adopt the spiritual canons of Rome, they exclaimed, indignantly, "We will not change the laws of England." The English and the Germans steadily refused to admit Gregory's preposterous claims; even the Romans rebelled against his new scheme of church government by cardinal-bishops; and from the flames and the sack of his holy city Gregory fled away to die, heaping curses on his enemies, and covered with the execrations of half mankind. Such was the Cæsar of the papacy. But for a hundred years the new regulations were evaded or softened, and the people and the clergy of Rome took some part in the choice of their popes. At last Alexander III., in the next century, completed the important change. To the college of cardinal-bishops, priests, and deacons was committed the election of the popes. A spiritual hierarchy was erected in which the people had no share. The rights of church members and of the laity, which had been enjoyed since apostolic times, were swept away by a decree of a usurping bishop. The principle of popular rule, which had been the most marked trait of the early Christian churches, vanished forever from Rome, and cardinals clad in crimson robes, and a pope chosen from the College of Cardinals, began that career of spiritual tyranny which was only broken by the revolt of England and of Germany against the crimes and depredations of the priests.

For three centuries at least (1200–1500) the College of Cardinals held all Europe in abject submission, and the spiritual empire which Hildebrand had imagined was nearly perfected by his successors. The popes appointed the cardinals, the cardinals elected the pope, and the Roman Curia intruded its authority into the affairs of all the European states. Never were there such scenes of gross wickedness, of wild ambition, and of terrible retribution as were witnessed within the walls of Rome and beneath the unrestricted rule of the papal priests; never was Europe so scourged by a horde of public robbers. The poor were stripped of their scanty earnings by the greedy papacy; cardinals and popes amassed immense wealth by the spoliation of Italy and Europe. Innocent III., covered with the blood and plunder of the Albigenses, annulled the Magna Charta, and declared England a fief of the Holy See. The English people, he asserted, had no rights independent of his own supreme sway. Innocent practiced what Hildebrand had taught, and ruled over England, France, and Spain. He founded an Inquisition, and terrified mankind by unheard-of crimes. Yet his policy survived until the Reformation—if, indeed, it has ever died. Every pope aspired to be an Innocent or a Hildebrand, and Boniface VIII., to whose bull, *Unam Sanctam*, Dr. Manning would once more subject England and America, brandished before the eyes of men the temporal and spiritual sword of the Church. The cardinalate had grown naturally into a centre of disorder. Invested with absolute power, the bishops and the pope threw off all the restraints of reason. In the murderous reign of Alexander VI. the pope and the cardinals turned their rage upon each other, and plotted against each other's lives, and Leo X. led all the world into universal luxury and moral decay. Human freedom seemed forever lost; the notion of human equality had been crushed out by priests and kings; the death of the human intellect seemed near. The College of Cardinals had destroyed the democracy of Christianity, and their crimson robes were already steeped in the blood of the Albigenses, the Wycliffites, the Irish followers of St. Patrick, the Hussites, and the Waldenses. Their intolerable tyranny had at last seemed to produce in Europe an awful silence of reason, and a perfect subjection of the general intellect to the Church of Rome.

But a still more appropriate field of labor opened for the Sacred College when the spell of mental subjection had been broken by the hardy reformers of the North. The cardinals had sworn by a terrible oath to defend their lord the Pope "even unto blood," "to persecute and destroy heretics" with unsparing malignity, and to know no law but the will of their spiritual head. The crimson color of their garments was supposed to indicate the relentless nature of their duties; nor can any one who recalls the story of their fearful deeds fail to see that no other hue would so well become them. All Italy was now, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, filled with Protestants and reformers, the Bible was read and prayer-meetings held under the shadow of the Vatican, and at Naples Vittoria Colonna corresponded with Michael Angelo and patronized the new sect. Among its members were numbered three thousand school-masters. Suddenly the Papal Curia formed their fearful resolution. The Reformation in Italy and, if possible, Europe was to be crushed out with fire and death. Ignatius Loyola perhaps suggested the plan which he ardently advocated, but its chief supporter and instrument was Cardinal Caraffa, the most bigoted and unsparing of the Sacred College. Six cardinals were chosen to be perpetual and universal inquisitors. Rome was the seat of the horrible society, but its field of labor was to be the whole world. Caraffa and his fellow-cardinals entered upon their duties with a zeal which a Manning or a M'Closkey might palliate, but dare not condemn, and all Italy rang with the groans and death-cries of their victims.* We have no space to indicate the sanguinary scene. Every day, we are told, a human sacrifice to the papal Moloch was offered up before the Church of the Holy Mary, at Rome; in every city of Italy men and women perished together. The cardinals massacred hundreds of harmless Waldenses in Calabria, and at Venice the victims were placed blindfold on a plank, and from the side of a gondola walked into the lagoons. It is sufficient to say that the cardinals were successful in expelling every trace of the Reformation from Italian soil. A rigid censorship of the press was introduced by the Curia, and all Protestant Bibles and other works were burned in great piles in every town. The Roman Inquisition grew rich by the plunder of the reformers, and the red cloak of the cardinal-princes is the symbol of universal robbery as well as murder. The Roman Inquisition was soon extended wherever the power of the Papal Church could reach. It followed the Jesuits to Goa, Abyssinia, China, Japan, Mexico, Peru. The palaces of the Inquisition were usually magnificent in every colonial city, and Asiatics, Africans, and Americans were offered in hecatombs—and this is no exaggerated statement—on the altars of Roman despotism.

The labors of individual cardinals were equally effective. The flame-colored cap and the scarlet robe brought terror and universal woe to England, Holland, France, and all mankind. In France the Cardinal of Lorraine entertained his guests with the spectacle from his castle walls of Huguenots perishing in every form of torment. It was an after-dinner amusement. When his sister-in-law, unaccustomed to the sight, fell fainting at his side, the barbarian was shocked at her impiety. It was a cardinal, touched by the fire of Caraffa, who buried men and women alive in Holland. It was Cardinal Pole who lighted the flames of Smithfield or of Oxford, and who pursued to death Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and a throng of English victims.† The "Sacred" College has left no part of the world unvisited by its dreadful emissaries, except where our vigorous ancestors fortified their bleak coasts against the papal Moloch, and lived untouched by the brutal arm of Rome. Nor have the cardinals ever lost the zeal of Caraffa, who never spared a heretic, or of Pius V., the child of the Inquisition, who directed his generals to give no quarter to the Huguenots.‡ They burned a Bruno; they tortured a Galileo. Until the latest moment of the temporal power the cardinal inquisitors expelled every trace of Protestantism from the Roman territory, and covered Rome with a horrible silence. Until 1870 they sat in their secret chamber, menacing, if shorn of their power. Until 1870 the Romans still looked with horror on their scarlet capes and their gilded coaches. The cardinals, in the hot days of an eventful summer, watched as inquisitors over the clamorous Council, and enforced the utter suppression of Protestant thought in papal Rome. The German victory struck down the hideous oligarchy; yet it can not be doubted that should the papacy ever recover its rule over the hapless city, new sessions of the Roman Inquisition will be held, new atrocities committed, and Cardinals M'Closkey and Manning may be summoned to sit in judgment on the Protestant ministers who now preach under the walls of the Vatican, and fulfill the oaths they have taken to persecute heretics until death.

It is, indeed, remarkable that intelligent Roman Catholics have not long ago demanded the suppression of this odious oligarchy, and committed the election of the popes to the will of their whole Church. There seems no good reason why the usurpations of Nicholas and Alexander should be suffered to repress the rising humanity of the most numerous denomination of Christians. Still more remarkable is it that any American should consent to wear the crimson robe that has ever been conspicuous in all the labors of the Inquisition, and in every murderous assault upon liberty of conscience and of thought. From the tortures and the flaming sword of the College of Cardinals or its imitators in England our fathers fled to the New World. The Huguenots, the Dutch, the Puritans, had all felt the sting of spiritual despotism. Their enemies have pursued them over the ocean, and once more the old conflict is begun in our midst between the Roman Curia and the friends of progress and of knowledge. Political Romanism is always the same. Its Mannings and M'Closkeys do not dare to assert that it has ever changed. Corrupt Democratic politicians and some recreant Americans may pretend that it has lost its sting. But no priest nor cardinal nor pope has ever ventured to depart from the fearful faith of Caraffa and the Roman Inquisition. Our Democratic party leaders have sold themselves to Rome. The *Catholic Telegraph* has promised them in Ohio "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote," so long as they prove docile and obedient. In New York they have no other reliance than the papal support. But what opinion the American people have formed of the designs and character of the Roman Curia and its transatlantic servants will probably appear plainly in our future elections.

Eugene Lawrence.

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* *Dictatus Papæ*. The Dictates of Gregory declare that he alone can decide in all human affairs, can depose princes, etc.

* Ranke, *Hist. Popes*, Inquisition. M'Crie.

† See Froude, vi. 346.

‡ Ranke, *Popes*, Pius V.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Have you any first-rate servant-girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work." Jones asked the question of a registry-office keeper. "Oh yes," said the proprietor, "any quantity; let me show you one." Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with, "An' does yez want a servant?" "Yes," says Jones. "How many hev yez in yer family?" Jones answered. "And hev yez hot an' cold wather?" Answers again. "How many children hev yez? Do yez make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?" All these questions, with about fifty more, were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself. "You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl; but I want to ask you one question. Do you play the piano?" "No." "Then," says Jones, blandly, "you won't answer my turn." And away went the astonished Celt, feeling that she for once had caught a Tartar.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

Fresh from Erin.—"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, docthor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics is very distressin' indade; whin I go to slape I lay awake all night, and me toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immadiately."

A man who commits suicide takes a rash step; but he who eats bacon for breakfast takes a rasher.

A new dish is grape leaves fried in egg batter; it is called a French dish. An exchange remarks: "We can't think of any thing that would be more delicious than fried grape leaves, unless it is a circus poster on toast."

A man who cheats in short measure is a measureless rogue. If in whisky, then he is a rogue in spirit. If by falsifying his accounts, then he is an unaccountable rogue. If he gives a bad title to land, then he is a rogue in deed. If he gives short measure in wheat, then he is a rogue in grain.

Mrs. Chibbles has great ideas of her husband's military powers. "For two years," says she, "he was a lieutenant in the horse-marines, after which he was promoted to the captaincy of a regular squad of sapheads and minors."

A thief having stolen a cup from a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the reply, "only a poor fellow has taken a cup too much."

WHERE TO LIVE.

All good men should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus-men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia; all children in the Crimea.

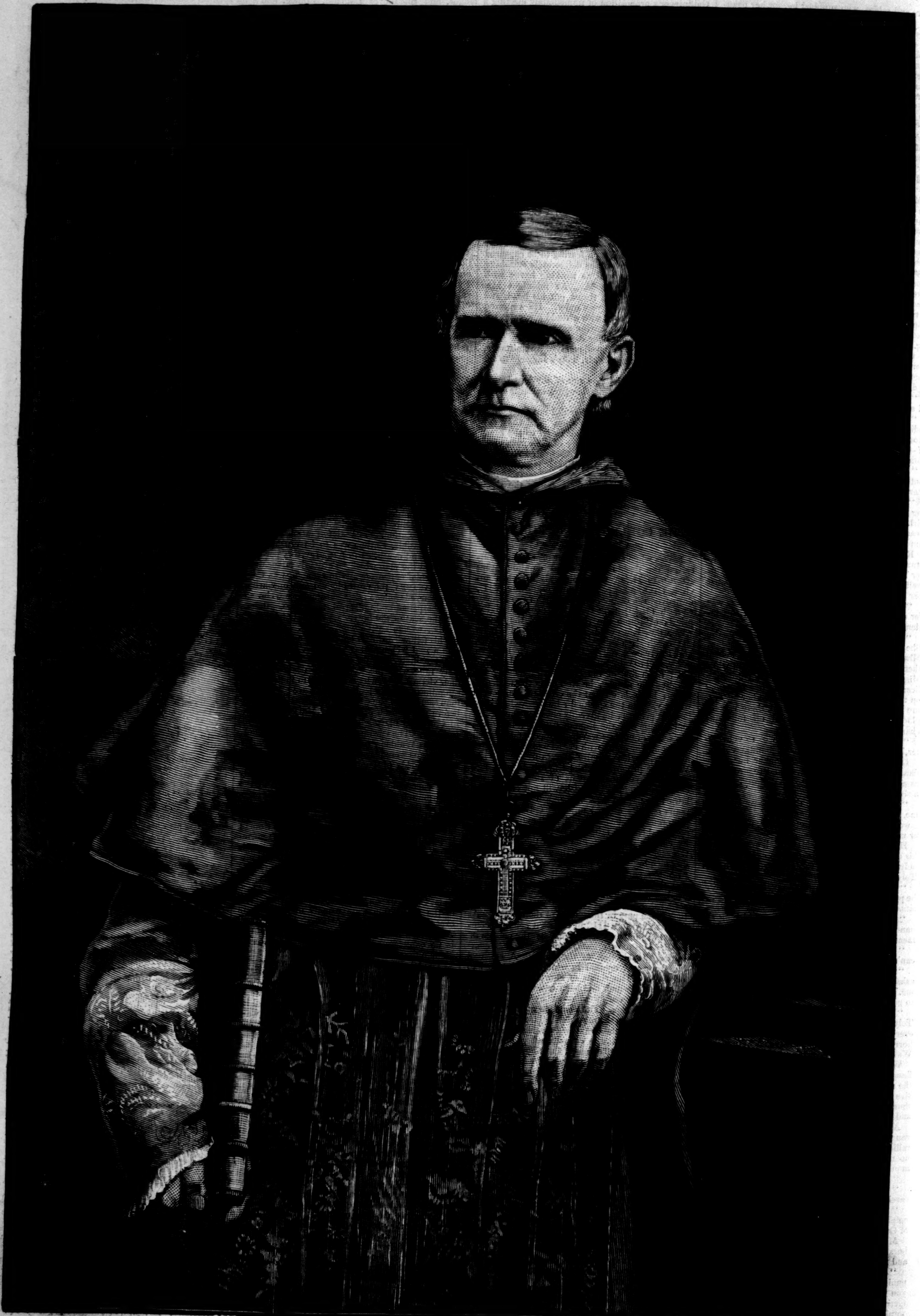
All oil speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

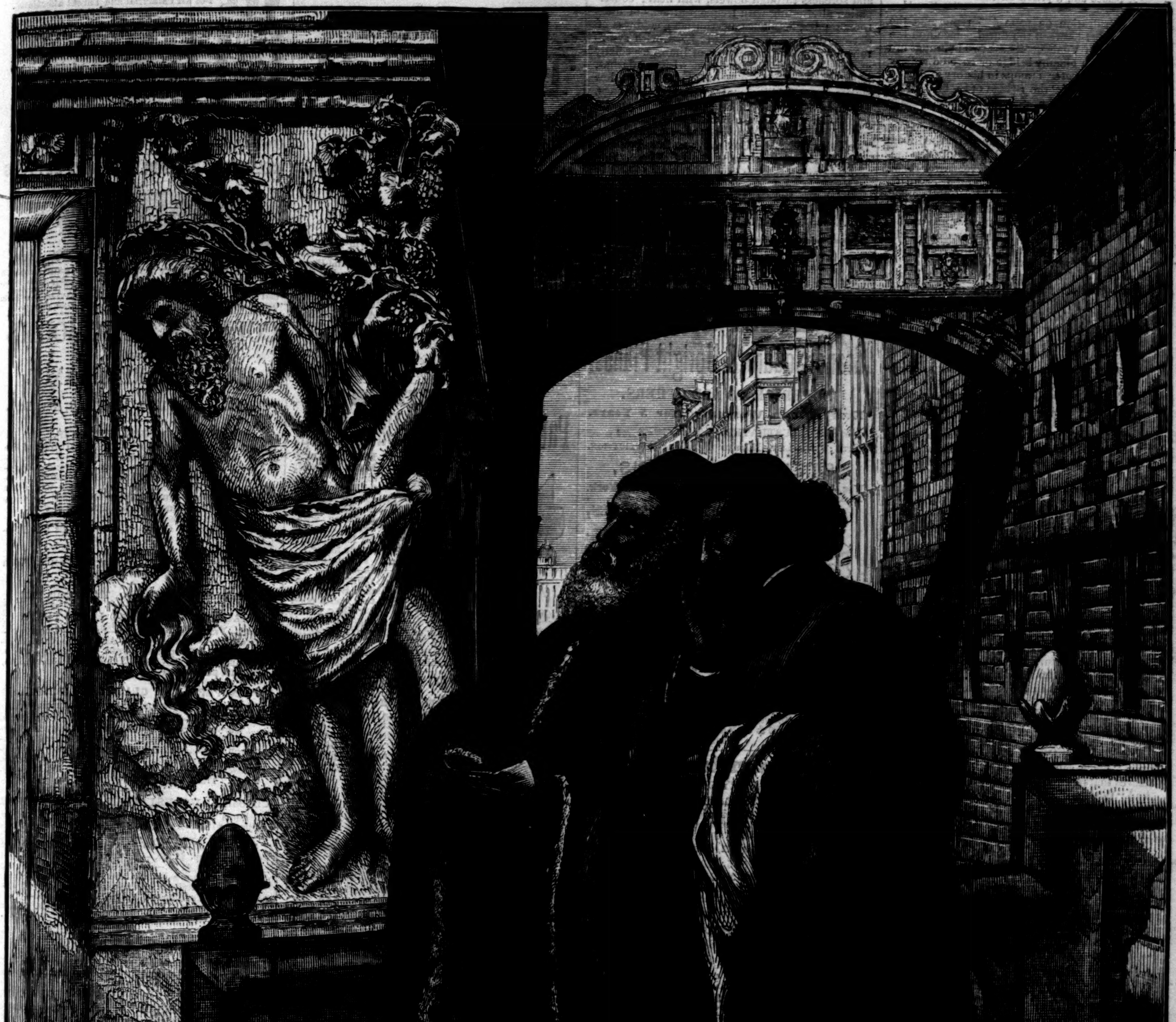
All shoe-makers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

A school-master, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself, was asked what motive he could have in doing so. He replied that he had two good and substantial reasons. In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk.



CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS," PAGE 483.]



GOING TO THE COUNCIL.—[See Page 486.]

GOING TO THE COUNCIL.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."
—*Childe Harold.*

Our illustration on page 485 represents the plaza or court between the ducal palace and the great prison of Venice. These two buildings are connected by a gloomy bridge or covered gallery high above the water, famous in history and poetry by the name of "the Bridge of Sighs." This bridge is divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called *pozzi*, or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the prison, and prisoners when led to execution passed from their cells across this covered gallery to the palace to hear the sentence of death read over them. They were then conducted to the other compartment or cell, and there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was introduced into this chamber of death is now walled up, but the passage is still open. The *pozzi* are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. There were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. It is possible still, however, to descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through two holes half choked by rubbish to the depth of two stories below the first range.

If consolation is wanted for the extinction of patrician power it can certainly be found in visiting these terrible dungeons. Scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and many of the places of confinement are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet raised a foot from the floor was the only furniture. The conductors will tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower halls. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended to these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons have left traces of their repentance or of their despair which are still visible. Some of them seem to have offended against, and some been members of, the sacred body that ruled, not only from their signatures, but from the pictures of churches and palaces which they have scratched upon the walls.

The two figures in the foreground of our picture represented as "going to the Council" may, from their dress, belong to the famous Council of Ten that ruled Venice with such terrible severity during the beginning of the fifteenth century. According to Coryat, they generally wore "black camlet gowns with marvelous long sleeves that reached almost down to the ground." And "these gowned men," says the same author, "do wear marvelous little black caps of felt without any brims at all, and very diminutive falling bands, no ruffs at all, which are so shallow that I have seen many of them not above a little inch deep." The color of their under-garments was also generally black, and consisted of "a slender doublet, made close to the body, without much quilting or bombast, and long plain hose, without those new-fangled curiosities and ridiculous superfluities of panes, pleats, and other light toys used with us Englishmen. Yet," he continues, "they are made of costly stuff, as of the best taffetas and satins that Christendom doth yield, which are fairly garnished also with lace of the best sort."

In 1454 the Ten still further consolidated their power by forming the "Council of Three." They considered themselves too numerous, and their names were known; so by their own authority they established a board free not only from these defects, but from every other restriction. The dress worn by the Three was of brilliant scarlet, "red gowns with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same color over their shoulders, and red stockings and slippers." Their names were entirely unknown. Two of them were elected from among the original Council of Ten, the third might be one of the six Councilors of the Doge. Their orders were unsubscribed, issued in the names of the Ten, and their most private records were written by themselves without the aid of a secretary. The Three had the power of adjudging and inflicting capital punishment under two limitations only. Their sentence must be unanimous, and the execution entirely secret. One of their statutes reads thus: "When it shall happen that our tribunal must inflict death upon any one, let no show be made, but let the sentence be secretly executed by sending him to be drowned." The stiletto, however, was permitted, and in executing persons high in office the inquisitors were advised to "proceed by poison rather than by any other means." The espionage exercised by this body was reduced to a regular system that was carried on with the greatest vigilance and secrecy. The cruelty and perfidy of the board were less surprising than the boldness with which they assumed the right of violating the constitution at will. A spirit of relentless suspicion seemed to animate them, and the execution of their victims took place almost simultaneously with their condemnation.

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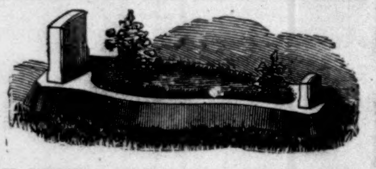

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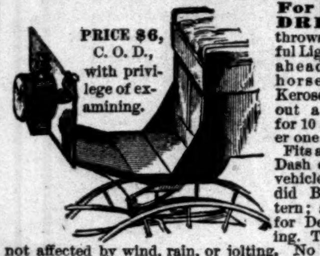

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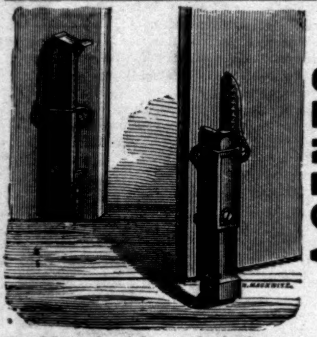

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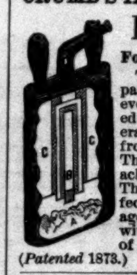

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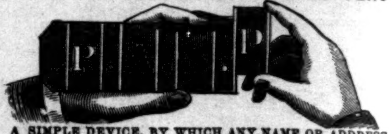

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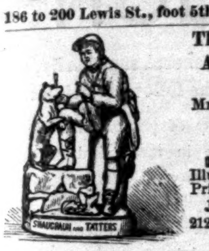

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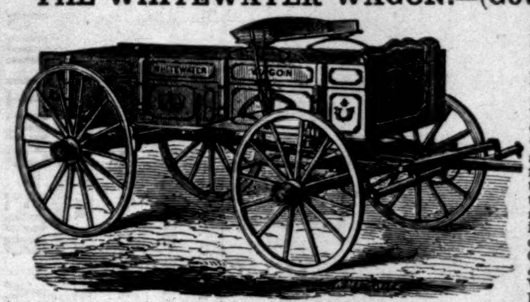

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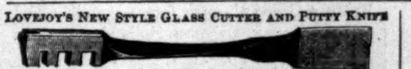

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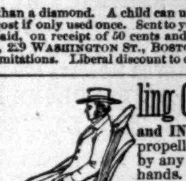

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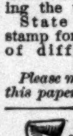

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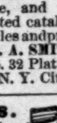

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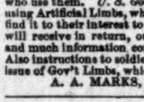

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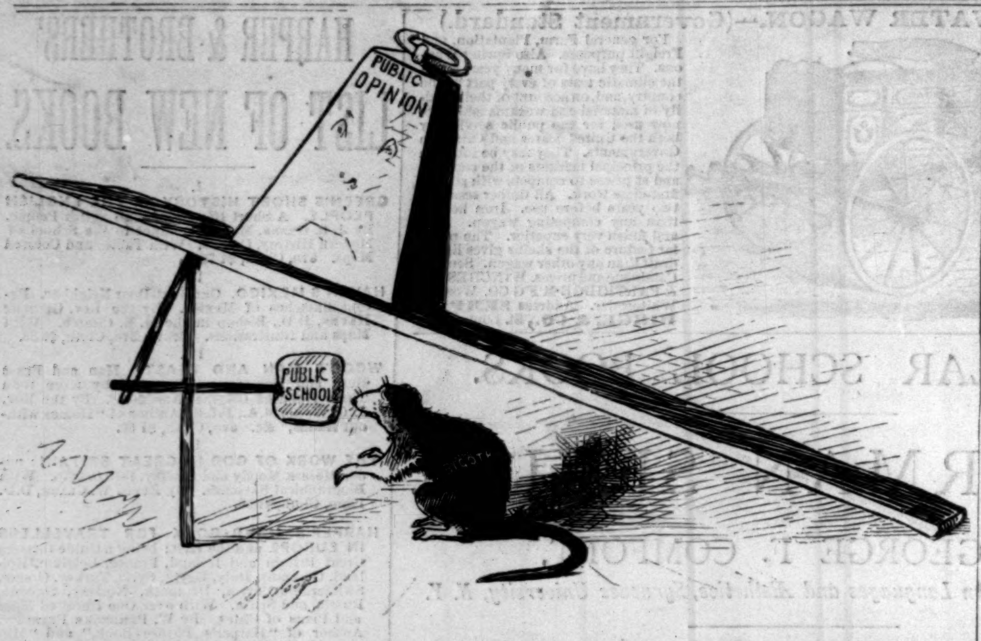

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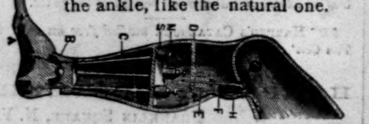

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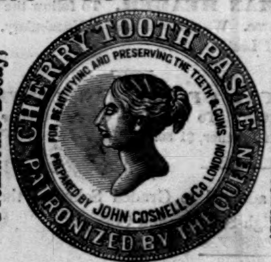
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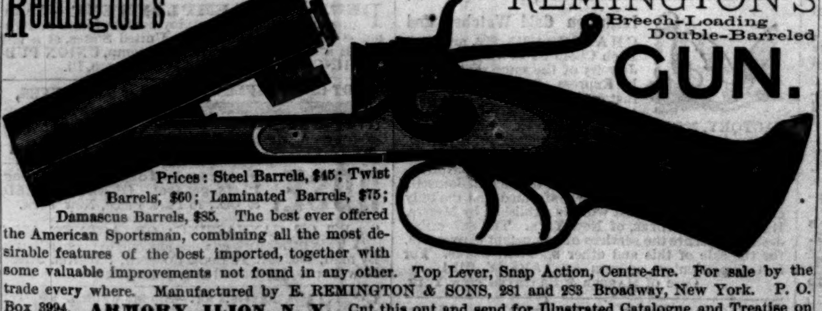

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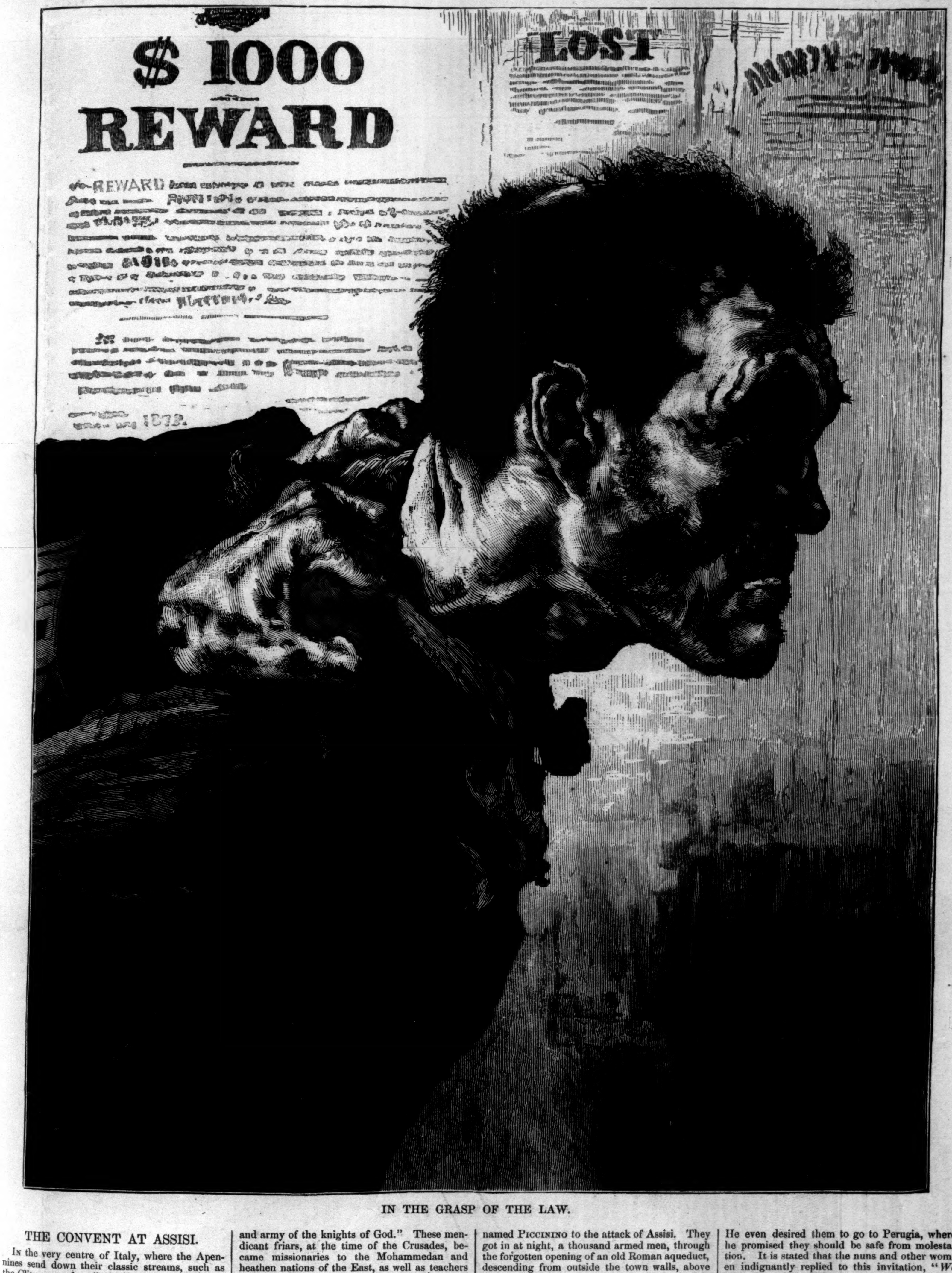
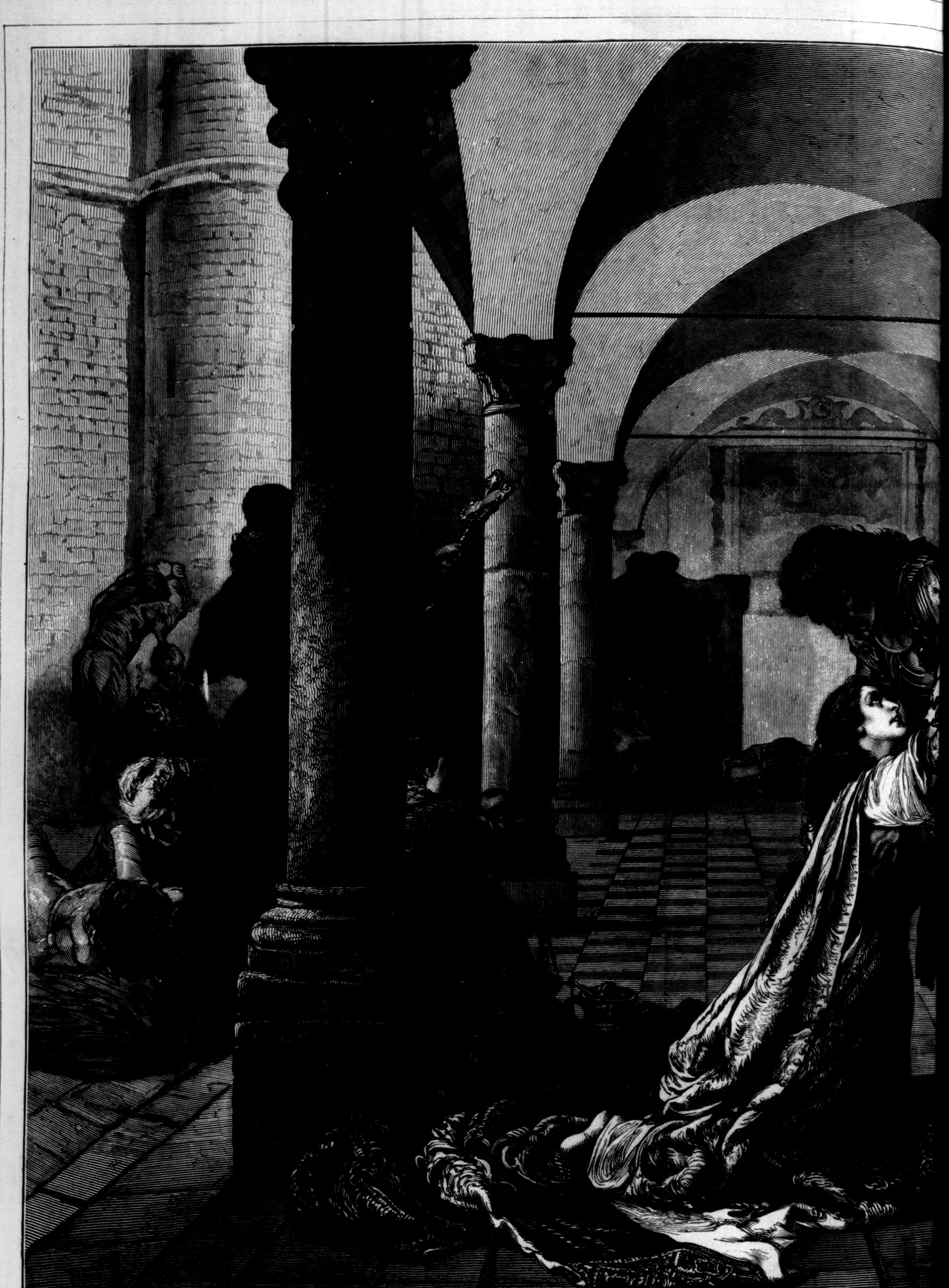


IN THE GRASP OF THE LAW.

THE CONVENT AT ASSISI.

IN the very centre of Italy, where the Apennines send down their classic streams, such as the Clitumnus, described by PLINY and sung by VIRGIL and BYRON, to join the Tiber in its regal descent through the Umbrian valleys, toward the Campagna of Rome, is the old-fashioned mediæval town of Assisi. Here it was, about the end of the twelfth century, that FRANCESCO BERNARDONE, son of a rich merchant, turned from a youth of gallantry to the divine rapture of ecstatic devotion. He went on, professing and following "the very chivalry of religion," till the straw huts of his penniless disciples, clad in simple frocks of serge and fed with a dinner of herbs, were celebrated as "the very camp and army of the knights of God." These mendicant friars, at the time of the Crusades, became missionaries to the Mohammedan and heathen nations of the East, as well as teachers and comforters of the poor and the sinful at home. They built, in the lifetime of their enthusiastic founder, a convent on the hill-side at Assisi, where the pile of cloisters, galleries, and cells, with three gorgeously pictured churches, one above another, named after St. FRANCIS, stands yet firm upon its substructure of vast mural arches.

In the year 1442, when those fierce little Italian republics and principalities were struggling with each other for local dominion, the army of Perugia, a city ten miles distant, aided by troops from Città di Castello, was led by a captain named PICCININO to the attack of Assisi. They got in at night, a thousand armed men, through the forgotten opening of an old Roman aqueduct, descending from outside the town walls, above the fortress, to the market-place, and succeeded, after a conflict with the towns-people under ALESSANDRO SFORZA, in getting possession of the gates, while the fortress still held out. A number of women and children sought refuge with the nuns in the Francescan convent of Santa Chiara, while all the dwelling-houses of the citizens were sacked by their victorious foes; and they remained in the convent, weeping, trembling, or praying, till PICCININO entered, telling them Assisi was no longer a fit place for them, and bidding them depart to one of the towns near, which had not been disturbed by warfare. He even desired them to go to Perugia, where he promised they should be safe from molestation. It is stated that the nuns and other women indignantly replied to this invitation, "*We* go to Perugia! Not we; but sooner may Perugia be consumed by the fires of hell!" This answer so enraged PICCININO that he instantly commanded his men to proceed without mercy to the sack of the convent, and to spare nothing. Some of the women and girls were carried off by the soldiers, and were long detained for ransom, suffering much insult and cruelty; but others escaped into the monastery of St. Francis, which, for the sake of its founder, was exempted from hostile approach. Our double-page engraving is from a painting by FRANK W. W. TOPHAM, exhibited at the London Royal Academy.



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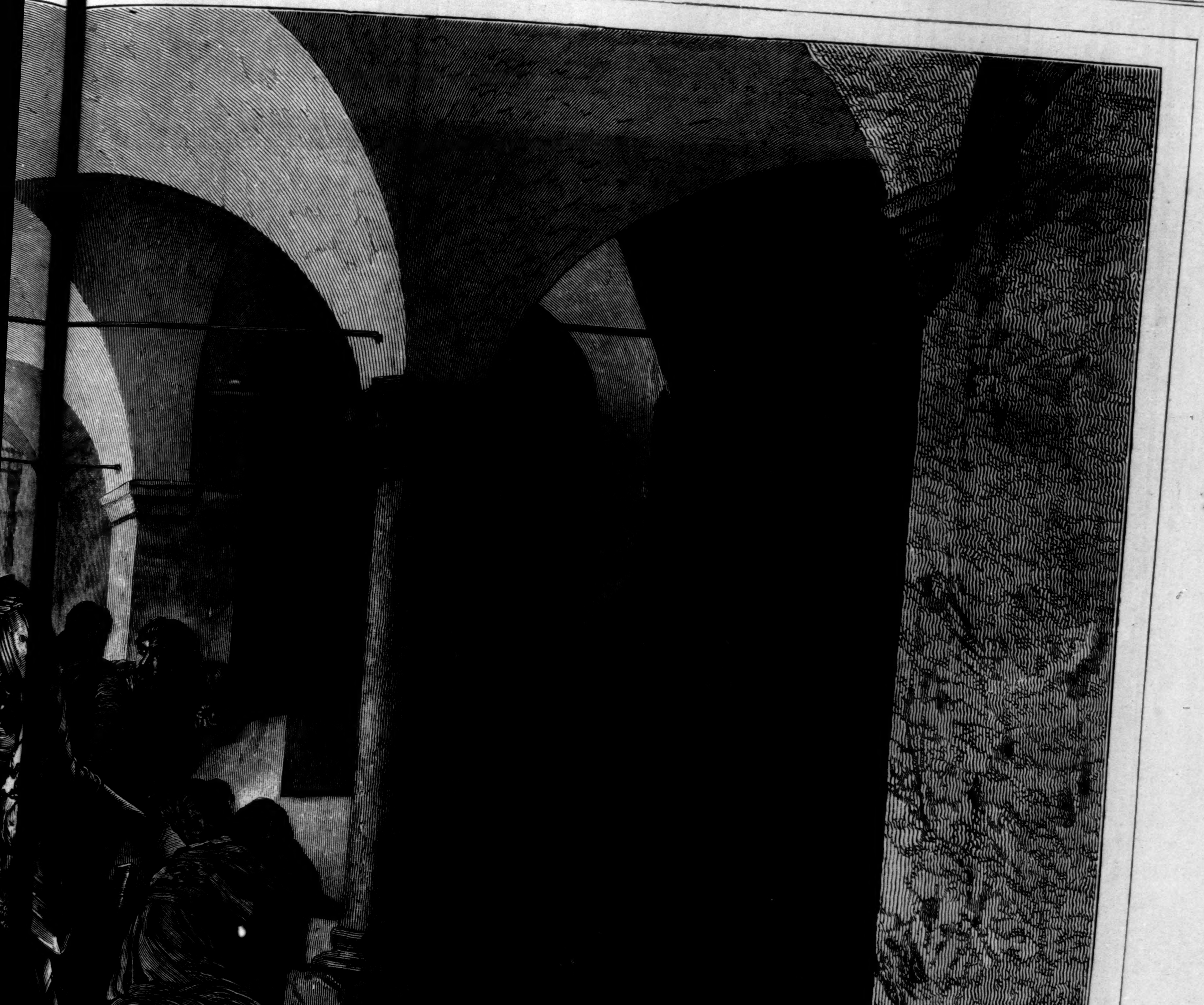

RUGIANS IN 1442.—[SEE PAGE 489.]